Christian Herald

DECEMBER : 1960



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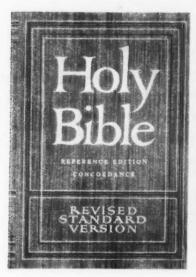
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DECEMBER, 1960

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational. to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding, world peace, the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy, co-operation with all who seek a more Christian world.

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NEXT MONTH

Have you wondered about faith healing -how authentic it is, whether you may seek it with assurance and success, whether healing is without exception God's will? In January, you get answers from reporter Will Oursler, from physician William S. Reed, and from two clergymen whose ministries have included special emphasis on healing-Dr. Thomas Wyatt, radio minister of the Wings of Healing international broadcast, and Dr. Alfred Price, Philadelphia Episcopal rector. Pages and pages tell you in depth what you want to know.

Perhaps you have heard of Silent Unity, or one of the Unity publications. Perhaps

you have seen one of the Unity churches. The fifth article in the Toward Understanding series tells you what Unity is, how it began, what it does. The author is James Dillet Freeman, articulate spokesman for the movement

Dorothy Clarke Wilson went to the Kingdom of Jordan to find out for herself what happens to those bags of used clothes that church women send off to Church World Service. Next month she takes you with her and tells you absorbingly Where the Bundles Go.

It's not too early to begin thinking about this summer's Vacation Church School. In the Sunday School Teacher section, Mildred Schell deals in the why and how.



O holy night, the stars
are brightly shining;
It is the night of the
dear Saviour's birth;
Long lay the world in
sin and error pining
Till He appeared and
the soul felt His worth;

A thrill of hope the
weary world rejoices;
For yonder breaks a new
and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees, hear
the angel voices;
O night divine! O night
when Christ was born!

Led by the light of faith
serenely beaming;
With glowing hearts by
His cradle we stand,
So led by the light of
the star brightly gleaming
Here came the wise men
from the Orient land.

A thrill of hope the
weary world rejoices;
For yonder breaks a new
and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees,
O hear the angel voices;
O night divine! O night
when Christ was born!





Giving is instinctive at Christmas. The needs of The Salvation Army are then greatly increased. However, they continue throughout the year and are constantly growing.

For nearly a century, with unselfish devotion, The Salvation Army has been feeding, clothing, sheltering and rightly guiding the lonely and the lost. Give now as your heart moves you and also include The Salvation Army on your list of annual contributions. Increasingly, The Salvation Army is being remembered by people in their Wills because it reaches out to the needlest cases. Thus you can leave a permanent memorial or provide for annuity payments through Income Gift Certificates to loved survivors throughout their lives after you are gone.

Mail the coupon for descriptive and informative literature. Your bequest will bring blessings to you and to those who will benefit.

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LETTERS

Alcoholism

Your October series was superb. As a social worker with psychiatric training, I have talked to many alcoholics and believe most, if not all, want to be free from this curse.

Ardmore, Pa. HELEN V. WHITE

· · Let us not confuse the issue. Alcoholics do need help, but, as with all sinners, their only salvation is in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Charlevoix, Mich. C. A. STOPPELS

· · · Most valuable. But is alcoholism really a disease? If so, why are not precautions taken to prevent its spread? Salisbury, N. C.

MRS. W. C. TAYLOR

Who Is a Catholic?

Isn't it time more people realized the word catholic simply means universalfor all? The Roman should be attached for the doctrinal definition to distinguish its earthly headquarters for-alas -domination! Many Protestants call themselves Holy Catholics.

Glendale, Calif.

MARY FLORENCE GRIFFITHS

· · · I am a Roman Catholic and I love my faith. Going through the CHRISTIAN HERALD (subscribed to by my Protestant in-laws), I find many misinterpreted points I would like to clarify. . . . First, we do not "adore" saints. We do honor . . . and use them as interceders, as one may ask a Congressman to intercede to the President. Like Protestants, we pray directly to

Next, we feel that Protestants do not honor the Mother of God as we should. We Catholics do not place her before the Lord, but we do honor her more than any other creature, for she bore our divine Saviour. .

I'm sure that if we knew more about one another, we could live in closer harmony without prejudice, and make the world a better place to live.

Bound Brook, N. J. MAURO CIOTOLA

What is Ecumenical?

On page 58 (July), "ecumenical" is defined as "the effort to bring all Christians into one world-wide fellowship.' It is just such a movement, but it is quite incorrect to define an adjective as a noun. May I suggest: "pertaining to the household of God"? . .

The word "Foreign" was dropped by United Presbyterian Church for good reasons: first among them, in Christ no

one is a foreigner.

Morrill, Neb. (Rev.) J. P. COOKE

Literacy Not the Only Answer

In the fine, urgent article by Dr. Frank Laubach (Sept.), he seems to indicate that disaster is impending because "half the world is illiterate." He used to stress that after these people learn to read, we have "to run a race" supply good literature before the godless rush in.

Isn't it true that Russia today is highly literate, also Japan? Japan was highly literate when Douglas MacArthur appealed "Send Bibles!" But they are being fed Communist propaganda....

Bismarck, N. D.

(REV.) ERNST H. HAACKE

Movie Recommendations?

Some of your film recommendations are astounding, in a Christian mag-

Pitcairn, Pa. MRS. H. V. ALLISON

· · · Wouldn't it be more helpful to list worthwhile films and leave out the flood of trashy ones?

Riverdale, Ill.

MR. and MRS. H. J. RICHMOND

· Many of our film reviews are used simply to give readers guidance they could not get from other sources. It is never our intent to encourage nonmovie-going church people to change their habits-rather to help those who do go to make better choices.

Christmas Bouquets

Congratulations on the pepped-up typography! It looks good.

Maitland, Fla.

WALTER IVAN SMALLEY

· · · I love your magazine. It is always free of denominationalism.

Havana, Fla. MRS. V. A. GEE

· · · Your "Sunday School Teacher" came as an answer from God. I was at the point of resigning because I felt inadequate, but have a new outlook and enthusiasm because of it.

Holland, N.Y. ALICE FARIES

Our Johnny Appleseed

It has been a pleasure to leave a CHRISTIAN HERALD or two in every place I visit in desert and mountains, as a distributor for American Bible Society.

I am running short of copies. Could your readers send me their back numbers?

Tucson 10, Arizona

(Rev.) O. L. SMITH Supt. "Desert Pulpit" 1503 W. Delaware St.

CHRISTIAN HERALD



"Because the littlest things upset my nerves, my doctor started me on Postum."

"Spilled milk is annoying. But when it made me yell at the kids, I decided I was too nervous.

"I told my doctor I also wasn't sleeping well. Nothing wrong, the doctor said after the examination. But perhaps I'd been drinking lots of coffee? Many people can't take the caffein in coffee. Try Postum, he said. It's 100 % caffein-free-can't make you nervous or keep you awake.

"You know, it's true! Since I started drinking Postum I do feel calmer, and sleep so much better! Can't say I enjoy having milk spilled even now-but trifles don't really upset me any more!"

Postum is 100% coffee-free



Gabriel Courier Interprets the News

ELECTION: Well, the shouting's over. We've got a new President-elect. The world has not yet, as a result, caved in, as his opponents so direly feared. (Probably it's a good thing there are two months plus between election day and inauguration day-it provides a respite from battle, a time for the adrenalin level to subside, a decent interval for partisans to put on non-partisanship.) Those who voted for the man who didn't win have excellent reason to help make the new administration a resounding success, as they interpret success. (The winner's supporters, of course, never were worried at all!) Lest any American presume to "sit this one out," let him remember that he's got no place to sit. The ship of state sails on-and we're all in the same boat.

Thus, more power to our new President. He will need it. So will we,

RELIGION: Did the "religious issue" produce a net loss or a net gain? We're not talking about loss or gain to the candidates-this will be poked and prodded and picked over from now until kingdom come. We're talking about the loss or gain to the nation. For our part, we think it was a net gain, and for at least three reasons. First, the issue was, as they say, "ventilated." It's startling to hear a safety valve pop, but note the word "safety"; it would be more "startling" if it didn't pop. Second, declarations of independence by many Catholic laymen, including Mr. Kennedy, will almost certainly result in some clarification by the hierarchy, either in agreement or disagreement. As of now, there is an obvious gap between Vatican Catholic dogma and American Catholicism in action, Third, the whole business may stimulate Protestants to look to their own convictions and their own "epistle gap." To name one of the latter: we theoretically be-lieve that all who do not accept Christ are lost. In reality, we do not believe it; if we did, we'd be desperately, tirelessly and personally evangelizing. We have not yet even got around to accepting, at the grassroots, that tiny, terrifying word "as" in the 4th verse of the Lord's prayer!

AND NOW—? The new President will face not only the usual run of problems at home, but he'll have to face all over again many problems abroad already faced, and faced down, by President Eisenhower, The Communists had a pretty good idea of how Mr. Eisenhower would react; they don't know

precisely how his successor will act. Don't be surprised if the Reds begin probing here, there and everywhere to map out the contour of the new President's firmness. Berlin will become such a testing ground. Quemoy and Matsu will certainly be another. Cuba another. Congo another. Laos another. Disarmament another. Another likely mapping place: a 1961 summit meeting. Those are the old problems.

Meanwhile, a crop of brand-new ones will be maturing. One of the problems at home: Is it or isn't it a recession? If it is, do we climb out of the hole by going into debt? Can prosperity be purchased only on the installment plan?

KHRUSHCHEV: Why did he come to the United Nations? Did he get what he came for? He came, for one thing, to influence the new African bloc. He influenced them, all right-against him. Matter of fact, Mr. Khrushchev turned out to be one of the best delegates the West has ever had. His heckling of speakers, his desk-thumping and his shoe-waving were procedures you don't find in Roberts Rules of Order. Even Mr. Nehru, about as long-suffering toward the Kremlin as they come, looked askance at these antics. But it was not Mr. K.'s boorishness so much as his bearishness that was most revealing. He expected to get his own way and was ready to ride roughshod over Mr. Hammarsjold, even the U.N. itself, to do it. If you can't join 'em, lick 'em, is his motto.

It would be a mistake to write off Mr. Khrushchev simply for his "Before you, Alphonse" manners. A fellow who might hurl a shoe in the United Nations might also think that dropping an H-bomb is an exhibit of good, clean, wholesome temper.

JAPAN: There are some forms of government that can be imposed upon a people, but democracy is not one of them. It exists by the will of the governed. You must have democracy in the heart before you can have it in the nation. That means a willingness to listen to the opposition, a readiness to close ranks when the majority rules. For all our bickering in the U.S., we can at least do that. Mr. Nixon and Mr. Kennedy defended their policies but they didn't have to defend their lives. In the parliamentary election campaigning in Japan, a 17-year-old dissenter ran a Samurai dagger into the chief of the opposition Socialists, killing him.

In July, Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi was wounded by a rightist. And leftist violence caused the cancellation of President Eisenhower's visit. Extremism is mounting in Japan. If an all-out clash comes between terrorists on both sides, democracy there may well be finished. It was, you may remember, a wave of political murders that brought Japan's militarists to power in pre-Pearl Harbor days.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES: As the merger of Congregational Christian Churches and the Evangelical and Reformed Church went into the stage of final vote by individual C.C. churches, the 6th annual meeting of the National Association of Congregational Christian Churches (the dissenting body) was held at Maywood, Ill. Some 170 churches are members of the association, founded to conserve the principles of Congregational local church autonomy. Association leaders say that when a Congregational Church votes for the constitution of the new United Church of Christ, this could be the last opportunity it will ever have directly to influence the destiny of the denomination. The constitution guarantees local church autonomy. But, say merger opponents, this provision could be amended by a vote of the General Synod and two-thirds of the Conferences; individual churches could thus have their liberty voted away.

Meanwhile, the United Lutheran Church in America was the fourth and last Lutheran denomination to approve merger into a new Lutheran Church in America, with a total membership of 3,140,000. (Others are Augustana, American Evangelical and Finnish Evangelical.) The constituting convention will take place in June, 1962, the new church will begin to function officially the following January 1.

TANKSMANSHIP: One of the most dramatic Billy Graham meetings yet was held in West Berlin, 300 yards from the Iron Curtain. The evangelist's amplified voice carried across into Communist-ruled Eastern Berlin territory. to the consternation of officials there. Acting East Berlin Mayor Waldemar Schmidt demanded that Billy move his tent or suffer the consequences. (What the consequences were, nobody ever defined or demonstrated.) The Reds stationed dozens of "People's Police" and two armored cars on the Communist side close by. There is certain wry humor in that: guns futilely pointed at an idea!

ABOUT EARNING AN INCOME -AS AGREED

When a man buys shares in a company, he is investing his money to work for him, to earn an income.

When an employee works for a company, he invests his mind and his muscle to earn an income. This he agrees to do: so much investment of his skills for so much money.

The man who invests his money invests his whole dollar—he cannot hold back part of it. The man who invests his skills has a natural instinct to deliver a full day's work for a full day's wages. However, conditions have been developing in many industries that virtually encourage an employee to hold back part of what he has agreed to deliver.

These conditions are weakening the ageold American tradition of a pound for a pound. Correcting them can go a long way toward strengthening the moral fiber of the whole national character.

R E P U B L I C S T E E L

CLEVELAND 1, OHIO



Republic Steel products meet wide public need

It is the responsibility of management to use both invested dollars and invested man-hours to the most rewarding advantage of shareholders and employees.

One way to do this is through the manufacture of dependable products for which there is a wide public need. One of Republic Steel's most widely used products is Electro Paintlok* Steel Sheets for such things as garage doors, vending machines, mobile homes, and exterior panels for scores of appliances and cabinets. This electro-galvanized steel is given a special chemical treatment to make paint stick through bumps and scrapes and to keep these products new-looking longer.

These rigid steel sheets—strong as only steel is strong—resist corrosion even when painted surfaces are scratched through.



Climax of the celebration is Twelfth Day when Wise Men, joined by Latins, Hungarians, Japanese and Lithuanians, march to the Crib.

Cincinnati's

12 DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

W HEN Christmas arrives in Cincinnati, Ohio—and it does, eventually, children's fears to the contrary—the people of this city are ready. They are not just ready for Santa Claus—he's been in the department stores for weeks—they are prepared to celebrate the Birth of Christ. And, in Cincinnati, they are not already sick to death of the sound of carols or the sight of Christmas decorations or the whole idea of Christmas.

This is due largely to the activity of a dedicated group of laymen, Protestant and Catholic, who call themselves the Christ-in-Christmas Committee. In the 10 years since it set out to "put before the minds of the people of Greater Cincinnati the true reason behind the celebration of the feast of Christmas—namely that it is the Birthday of Christ," this group has made a profound impression on the citizenry and has affected the appearance of the city at Christmastime.

Perhaps the huge Christmas trees in Fountain Square, the lifesize nativity scene in a downtown park complete with live sheep, donkey and cows, and the expensive department store windows devoted to religious themes are not unusual. But they, along with

other uniquely "Cincinnati" events, do emphasize the religious aspect of the holiday.

And if you look closely at the crèche you will find that the figure of the Child is not in the manger until December 25. This is part of a careful program to center all celebration of Christmas on the birth of Christ. You don't celebrate the birth of a child until he arrives, they reason, so the month before the holiday (Advent) is kept as a time of preparation.

Store owners co-operate to prevent premature Christmas advertising and displays before Thanksgiving which would tend to weary people of the whole thing by the time Christmas rolls around. Churches, clubs and other groups are urged to wait until after December 25 to have their Christmas parties and programs. Advent hymns and carols are used before, but the carols of the birth begin on Christmas Eve.

The preparation time is emphasized with suggestions for celebrating Advent in the home. There are directions for making Advent wreaths, for preparing the manger with straw (for each good deed a child may add a piece of straw), for Advent calendars and Advent candles, making tree ornaments of special

By RACHEL HARTMAN

significance, planting Christmas wheat, setting up a Jesse Tree (see p. 10). Every attempt is made to arouse anticipation for the coming event.

The religious significance of Christmas customs is explained through signs in store windows and notices in the newspapers. Near a display of candles a sign reads, "The Christmas candle which you light represents Christ, the Light of the World. At your window it welcomes the guest. At your table it tells of His presence with us and in us today." Signs furnished by the Committee to bakery shops explain the traditional spiritual significance of holiday treats such as lebkuchen (life cakes), springerle, stollen (Christollen), vanyoka and fruitcake.

Even the mistletoe at the florists bears the note: "When you claim a kiss under the mistletoe, remember it once hung with honor in our churches. A kiss of peace was given from priest to priest and from priest to people as a mark of Christian love at Christmas. The mistletoe bough at our Christmas board shall hang to the honor of Christ our Lord." One year each tree for sale in the lots around town carried a prayer to be said when putting up the Christmas tree.

If anyone in Cincinnati misses the idea that Christmas is a religious holiday, it isn't the fault of the Christin-Christmas Committee. Even visitors arriving by train are greeted with cards distributed by a women's railroad organization. One of the events that have evolved from the Committee's program is Meet the Stranger Day. Important feature of the day: restaurants serve free meals to foreign students and nationals.

It was five years ago that the Committee started urging Cincinnatians to celebrate "the twelve days of Christmas." Many had heard of the twelve days only in the old English carol. The Cincinnati program had nothing to do with the "seven swans a-swimming" or "nine lords a-leaping" but breathed meaning for today into ancient Christmas customs.

To get across the idea that Christmas does not end on December 26 (or begin in late November) then-Mayor Charles P. Taft proclaimed an official celebration for the entire Christmas season extending from December 25 to January 6. Citizens of all races and creeds were invited to participate and handbills were distributed outlining activities for each of the twelve days.

Christmas Day was to be set aside for the family to



Girls at Taft Museum re-enact preparations of many Christmases ago.

celebrate at church or at home. Each family was urged to invite Christ as the honored guest on this day and to put religious significance into lighting Christmas trees and candles. Special events were planned for each of the other days; citizens were urged to gather at various civic centers to celebrate together.

On the First Day of Christmas, December 26, a big community carol sing brought hundreds to Fountain Square, with trained choirs participating alongside those who just like to make a joyful noise, Several years later "chocolate on the Square" was added to this activity, with hot chocolate provided for the crowd gathered to sing carols.

The Second Day of Christmas was recognized by open house at Taft Museum, former home of one of Cincinnati's leading families, filled with priceless art treasures. A group of instrumentalists gathered around the harpsichord to play Christmas chamber music, and the Mayor greeted visitors.

The Third Day was children's day with parties honoring the Christchild in homes, churches and orphanages. Civic groups entertained orphans for lunch and a puppet show in a downtown hotel.

The Fourth Day was visitation day for the poor, sick and aged. (Continued on the next page)





FAMILY PREPARATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

Try one or more of these projects in your home during Advent to heighten the anticipation for the celebration of the birth of Christ.



Jesse Tree Set a small bare tree branch into some sort of base. Make ornaments from colored construction paper that depict the events and prophecies that led up to the coming of the Messiah. Example: Law of Moses, Jacob's ladder, etc. Or decorate this family tree with tiny dolls dressed to represent the lineage of Jesus.

Floral Praise Follow the old custom of bringing branches from fruit trees or forsythia bushes into the house and placing in water on December 4 to force for Christmas blooming. The flowers burst into blossom to offer praise to Christ, symbolizing the beauty of all life and especially of the life of the One whose birthday we celebrate.



Secret Friends The Trapp Family Singers have a pleasant custom. On the first Sunday of Advent they draw names within the family and each person does special favors all month for his "secret friend." A brother may empty the wastebaskets for another brother, a sister may make a bed for her secret friend without being discovered. On December 22nd, which they call Little, Little Christmas Eve, the names of the friends are revealed.



Star of David Make a large star of David using six narrow strips of white paper. On each of the strips print one of the prophecies of Christ's coming. Place on table and rotate the star slightly each day so that a different child reads the new prophecy. By the end of Advent the whole family should know all the verses.

Christmas Wheat Following an ancient Hungarian custom, plant wheat seed in small flower pots on December 13th. Keep in a moderately warm room and water daily. On Christmas Eve place the green sprouts of wheat at the manger to symbolize Christ as the Bread of Life and as a reminder of spiritual rebirth.

Memory Project Review the events of the past year in the family and select the outstanding event. On Christmas Eve place on the tree an object symbolizing the event and offer a prayer of thanks to God for all the blessings given the family during the year. One family placed on the tree their new baby's hospital identification bracelet, another a souvenir of a happy summer trip. The symbol may be made by the children and should be saved for happy memories again next year.

Nativity Scene Perhaps you have a traditional set of figures for the creche (French), crib (German) or presepe (Italian). If not, the children could make them of cardboard. Set up the stable, manger, animals and figures of Mary and Joseph a day or so before Christmas. To follow Italian custom, Mother places the Bambino in the crib on Christmas morning with special ceremony. You may prefer to do this Christmas Eve. Then bring the figures of the shepherds. Set the Wise Men at a distance and bring them to the manger on Twelfth Night (January 6).



(Continued from previous page)

On the Fifth Day, hotels and restaurants greeted guests in the name of Christ. "For Christ often comes in the stranger's guise" read the notice on the tables. On New Year's Eve, the Sixth Day, ministers were asked to schedule prayer hours and watch-night services to offer thanks for the old year and pray for peace during the new. New Year's Day was reserved for traditional family hospitality and open house for new neighbors.

Attention was drawn to the "Plants of the Bible" display at Eden Park Conservatory on the Eighth Day. The Jewish Garden Club had taken great pride in preparing a Palestinian garden. On the Ninth Day the schedule called for a special tour of the Cincinnati Art Museum which displayed an elaborate collection of prints on the childhood of Christ and the museum's finest madonnas. Citizens were urged to visit the Library's exhibit on the Eleventh Day.

Climax of the program was Twelfth Night at the Crib, when a procession led by the Three Wise Men from the East, dressed in elaborate robes, visited the life-size crèche in Lytle Park. Live figures had replaced the mannikins in the nativity scene and citizens joined the kings in paying homage to the Christchild. A community sing at the site ended the memorable Twelve Days.

In the years since 1955 there have been only minor changes in the celebration of the twelve days. The procession of the Three Wise Men expanded into a pageant of many nations with costumed representatives of various countries visiting the crib and demonstrating Christmas customs of their lands. In this city whose population is chiefly of German descent it was broadening and inspiring to see Mexicans, Hungarians, Italians, Lithuanians, Spanish, Japanese and Chinese joining to bring praise to Christ.

At the Third Day parties for the Christchild in 1956, children were urged to bring warm socks and mittens to be sent to Hungarian children without home and clothing. The garden display at Krohn Conservatory is a little different each year, once portraying the carol "Maria Walks Amid the Thorn."

Costumed models at the Taft Museum reception demonstrated Christmas celebrations of years past—when the house was built in 1820, at midcentury in 1890 and 1910. One year, Boxing Day was emphasized on December 26, reviving a custom of filling boxes with gifts for the poor.

The Committee was happy with the response to community celebrations, but they felt that many preferred to keep Christmas in the home. So in 1959 the emphasis of the twelve days turned more to the home and family, though

A CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTION! Lymns America Loves Best"

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We're very happy indeed to inform you that the record album, HYMNS AMERICA LOVES BEST, custom recorded for you by RCA, is now ready, personalized in *your name* and autographed my Bill McVey.

This edition has been produced exclusively for you and other supporters who voted in our Hymn Poll last July. We're sure you will prize it for years to come.

This is your recording. Your participation made it possible. All of us, here at Christian Herald are truly grateful. Your support enabled us to advance our Hymn Revival Program faster than our fondest hopes. What started only as a dream has become reality.

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You are news—big news!

You may not be aware of it, but when you and 30,000 other hymn lovers (including non-Christian Herald readers) wrote us last July, you started an avalanche that has been snowballing week by week, day by day, hour by hour! Yes, your vote has become mighty big news from coast to coast. Well over 800 newspapers alone have devoted column after column to tell their readers what you and 30,000 others think about hymns. Thousands of words have been published. Countless millions of Christians have read the news, and already the Campaign is winning strong support from Protestants in all 50 states and foreign countries as well! Very likely you have read about it in your home town newspaper. And now Radio has come to our help. Alread about it in your home town newspaper. And now Radio has come to our help. Already scores of stations have run selections from HYMNS AMERICA LOVES BEST. More and more are "joining the parade." It is estimated that over 1000 stations will broadcast selections in December alone. Over 50,000,000 Americans will hear some of these beautiful hymns. All this progress has been achieved thanks to your help last July. All without cost to Christian Herald!

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Make an Advent Wreath



ADVENT, the month before Christmas, is an unparalled opportunity for family fellowship, happy anticipation and spiritual preparation, a time for the family to pray together.

Helpful in setting the tone of family devotions during this period is an Advent Wreath. This is a circle of evergreens surrounding four tall candles, one to be lighted the first week, two the second, and so on. The circle symbolizes the eternalness of God, the candles the Light that is come into the world. Some families use four white candles, some three purple candles and one pink one, the latter to be burned the week before Christmas. Originally the wreath was made to hang above the table but we find it better suits our way of life to make it a centerpiece. This is the focal point of our daily family devotional period.

At our house, when the family has gathered for the main meal of the day, Grace is said by one member or in unison. This is followed by the lighting of the candles. During the meal a brief Bible lesson, as indicated on the Advent Calendar we secure from a stationery store, is read by a parent or older child. Some families like to end the meal with a prayer asking a blessing on the family and its unity—or better understanding of those who hurt us—or guidance in unselfish living—whatever seems to be a family need

An old German custom adds a paper star to the wreath each Sunday. One side of each star has an Old Testament verse and the other side a New Testament verse, to be memorized by the children in the course of the week. The following verses would have significance for children: First week—Malachi 3:1 and Matthew 3:1; Second week—Isaiah 55:1 and Luke 1:30,31; Third week—Psalm 99:1-3 and Philippians 4:47; Fourth week—Isaiah 40:1,2 and Luke 2:10,11.

If there are very young children in the family, you may wish to omit the Bible reading until they are more able to enjoy the beauty of the Biblical language, and tell them the stories in your own words. These nightly stories or discussions are valuable as supplemental dinner conversation for older children, too. This is a good time to explain that the story of Christmas really begins long, long before the shepherds heard angels outside Bethlehem.

Use the Advent Wreath as a "conversation piece," making conversation about God and our responses to Him.

To construct the wreath: The base may be a disposable aluminum pie plate $(9'' \times 1^{1/2}'')$ into which is poured plaster of paris or melted paraffin to a depth of about an inch. When the mixture has set sufficiently to support 9'' candles, these are inserted at intervals around the plate. Let the mixture harden, checking occasionally to be sure the candles remain straight. Then add a layer of sand and insert fresh evergreens. Moistening the sand occasionally keeps the greens fresh.

Another type of base is a 9" ring of styrofoam, two inches thick. This is available from novelty stores and florists. Cut holes for the candles with a sharp knife. Or, if you have a ring salad mold, this works well filled with sand or pebbles to hold the greens and candles.

—MARION C. McDonald

community activities were held as usual. Suggestions were made to add meaning to family celebrations for each day. Crafts and small home party ideas were given in which spiritual significance pointed up in all activities,

For children's day there was to be a birthday cake for Jesus or a family Christmas cake with a large white candle in the center to represent the Christchild, and little white candles around to be lighted from it by each member of the family. The Tenth Day, designated as Community Sing Day, was for those at home, "Day of the Cift."

"Not everyone can give gifts of gold," read the program, "but all can give the gift of love-their time. In the family try giving 15 minutes of your time to listen to someone older than you. Give another 15 minutes to someone younger than you." The program went on to suggest making a traditional Christmas food and sharing it with a next-door neighbor, offering a baby-sitting service to a young couple, giving the gift of prayer to friends and neighborseven to enemies. It finished with a prayer to end the day: "O God, I give You my heart. It loves You, I give You my strength. It will work for You. I give You my mind. It yearns to know You. I give You my body. It will be Your instrument. I give You my soul. It is Yours and will find no rest until it rests in You. Amen.'

On Greet the Stranger Day families were urged to invite for a meal new-comers to this country or at least someone in the neighborhood who is alone at Christmastime. Such old-fashioned family activities as cookie-making, parlor games, looking at the old family album, acting out stories or listening to Grandma and Grandpa tell about Christmases they remember were suggested along with an impromptu Twelfth Night program in which parts are assigned by discovering items baked into an Epiphany Cake.

An early emphasis of the Committee was elimination of office Christmas parties—or at least elimination of liquor. In 1953 the holiday death toll was well below the expected mark. Another early interest of the Committee was in religious greeting cards, which have shown a phenomenal increase in sales during the last decade. This has been noticeable all through the industry, but it may be significant that one of the first members of the Christ-in-Christmas Committee was a vice president of one of the nation's largest retail greeting card companies. Their ratio of religious cards to non-religious at Christmas has gone from around 5 per cent in 1950 to 22 per cent in 1960.

The change in Cincinnati's attitude toward Christmas is not the result of official clergy action. Actually, priests

Pray For...

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A new decade of evangelistic endeavor begins in 1961. The significant promise of the 50's has been achieved because thousands of prayer partners around the world were willing to fulfil their responsibility. They were willing to pray.

Because they are confident that your prayer support will continue, the Billy Graham Team dares to move forward in this new decade...to undertake new crusades...to attempt to reach additional thousands for Jesus Christ.

The crusades in Florida...centered in Miami but reaching the entire State... will launch the new decade. For the first three months of 1961, the focal point of the Team's evangelistic ministry will be Miami. Here it is that the prayers of Christians around the world must be centered.

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With the population increase of 76.7% since 1950—the largest in the nation—Florida has moved to the fore in areas of significance in the present history of our country. In Florida's burgeoning cities there is vast potential for spiritual achievement. New lives...new families...new homes...new communities are everywhere.

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Can You Let Them Die?

Homeless, Helpless Babes Need Shelter and Care



Sponsor a Korean Orphan, Remembering Was Inn

Here Mrs. Swanson holds an abandoned, starved baby. There are many such in Korea. More Homes and sponsors are sorely needed.

Since they were so crowded, Mr. Swanson had to tell the Supt. of Eternal Life Orphanage NOT TO TAKE IN ANOTHER CHILD. The Supt. now writes, "Since you told us to stop receiving more babies, we are almost fighting to refuse them.

Your Help Their Only Hope

LOVE AND COMPASSION

compel us to care for all we can so that they may grow up to healthy maturity and be taught to serve their Lord and Saviour. But many new sponsors are needed, as well as funds to provide more rooms. What would Jesus do?





This beautiful baby is Choo, Un Sim in our This beautiful baby is Choo, or Sini in our Love Valley Orphanage. She, too, was abandoned and starved. With loving care she now has become strong, healthy and radiant. Will you sponsor this precious child or another orphan like her?



Among the children shown

Among the children shown in the cribs above is Choo, Un Sim. There are many others with her in our LOVE VALLEY ORPHANAGE. You may sponsor, if she is spoken for, another child very much in need. Each child is waiting to have a beloved foster "Daddy and Mommie"! For only \$8 a month—just 26 pennies a day—you or your Sunday School, Bible Class, Junior Church, Ladies Group, etc., will help bring Christ to your chosen boy or girl, and train him to be a Christian leader in Korea. This \$8 provides all the needs of the child including school tuition which is not free in Korea. (You may ask a friend to be a co-sponsor with you—only \$4 each per month.)

The ESEA is caring for over 6000 orphans, children of lepers and war widows.
Over 6 million meals are served each year. and war widows. Over 6 million meals are served each year. Many more children are in desperate need, homeless, ragged and hungry. Help us expand our 70 Homes. Each one is a real Christian institution. All Staff and Board members are earnest Bible-believing Christians. Korea's severe winter now is on. Will you help so that we may take many more children off the streets and into our Homes? God will bless you if you will. Write or phone NOW!

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and ministers have done very little; they have co-operated and approved, but the motivation and actual work of the Committee has come from laymen. In any given year the Committee will have 40 to 50 members, with separate committees for each Day and type of activity. Thousands work at the projects in one way or another. There are no offices (only a post office box) and no paid employees. Because so much service and labor is donated, the Committee operates on a budget of around \$600 a year.

Over 1000 requests for information on the activities of the Committee have been handled by Ferd Niehaus, public relations chairman. Last November a letter from the Fiji Islands asked for suggestions to make Christmas more meaningful in a leper colony.

And in Cincinnati, churches as well as individuals share in the work of the Christ-in-Christmas Committee, Roselawn Community Baptist Church, one which regularly makes a small contribution to the Committee's expenses, invited a member of the Committee to talk at a regular meeting of the Men's Club. The church's monthly paper, Tower Light, and the weekly bulletin list all the Twelve Day activities with time and place. The Women's Christian Service Society sends out a Christmas letter which gets suggestions for observing Advent and the days of Christmas into homes of the congregation. Foreign students are brought to the homes of members of the congregation on Greet the Stranger Day. Roselawn's version of the day for visiting friends is a "Holiday House" when three or four church families hold open house for all the people of the church. Refreshments are served at each place.

At St. John's United Church of Christ in nearby Reading, Ohio, the church co-operation is more in the area of Advent, though all activities of the twelve days are announced. On the afternoon of the first Sunday in Advent a family affair is planned at the church. At tables are materials for making Advent wreaths - plaster of Paris, evergreens, candles-and each family works together to make its own wreath. After a simple supper one family goes to the platform and demonstrates how to use the wreath, leading in family devotions. The affair is over before 7 so the little ones can get home to bed. One family reported that the Advent wreath started them on a family altar which they have continued ever since.

Cincinnati, as the City Council expressed in a resolution commending the Christ-in-Christmas Committee, is "focusing attention on the true spiritual and religious significance and meaning of Christmas" and promoting "a greater awareness of the ideals of 'Peace on Earth—Good Will Toward Men.'"

Editorially Speaking...

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND BIRTH CONTROL

A N EDITORIAL, unusual and of timely significance, appeared in the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune on Thursday, September 29th. It was titled "Doctors Disobey Birth-Control Laws." This is the opening paragraph: "The absurdity of Connecticut's anti-birth-control laws is well demonstrated in an article in the current Medical World News, a magazine distributed to doctors only." The article referred to describes an interview with two Connecticut doctors one of whom is a Roman Catholic.

I do not enter the details of either the editorial or the article referred to in the *Herald Tribune*. But it is difficult not to agree that "as long as the law exists, it affronts not only doctors, of whom it makes technical criminals in the course of their normal practice, but citizens generally, who deserve the right to choose for themselves whether they accept the particular religious doctrine, . . ."

Some years ago, a campaign in Connecticut resulted in the election of a lower house of the legislature that voted overwhelmingly to repeal the law. Under pressure from the Roman Catholic Church, the Senate killed the bill. One prominent doctor who was a member of the Committee of One Hundred Physicians who supported that bill had Roman Catholic hospitals in Connecticut closed against him. He was given an ultimatum, "resign from the hospital staff or withdraw your name and support from the Committee of One Hundred Physicians."

THE FAITH OF LEW WALLACE

HERBERT EBERHARDT, Superintendent of the Central Union Mission in Washington, D. C., has written me of how General Lew Wallace, author of Ben Hur, was led to Jesus Christ. In a book published by Harper & Brothers, The First Christmas, the story appears. General Wallace tells of his conversation with Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous agnostic, which occurred in a railroad car going from Crawfordsville, Indiana, to Indianapolis, the capital city. The two men were traveling to a Republican Convention in 1876.

Lew Wallace was so shocked by the denials and denunciations of Colonel Ingersoll that he decided to complete a manuscript previously written concerning the Wise Men, and these are his own words: "I resolved to study the subject. I thought of the manuscript in my desk. Its closing scene was the Child Christ in the cave by Bethlehem. Why not go on with the story down to the Crucifixion? It only remains to say that I did as resolved, with the results—

first, the book, *Ben Hur*; and second, a conviction amounting to absolute belief in God and the divinity of Christ."

'POP' BOTTLES FOR THE UMPIRE!

CALLING attention to the fact that the total membership of the United Nations now stands at 99, our Mr. Gabriel Courier has this to say, after referring to Castro and his delegation bouncing out of a mid-Manhattan hotel: "It becomes an international incident."

Now we know that this particular incident had been plotted some time in advance. And Mr. Courier continues, "Well, we made our bed. If we invite 99 nations to run the world from a U.S. beachhead, then we have to realize that 99 nations have an easement across U. S. harbors, docks, streets and even hotels. We might, however, wish to do some second-thinking about repealing out-of-hand the so-called Connally Amendment which withholds from the World Court ultimate jurisdiction over matters involving the interests of the United States."

And this editor could not more heartily agree. "If we repeal, let us do so with our eyes open, knowing that some day a decision is going to be mighty unpopular and that we will feel like throwing pop bottles at the umpire." Well, that is that!

RECOGNIZE? CERTAINLY!

E ARLIER this year, the Associated Press reported an official government dispatch from Peiping in which Red China boasted that it had "annihilated 390,000 American soldiers" during the Korean War. That total is, of course, a characteristic exaggeration. Our Department of Defense listed 33,629 American soldiers killed in action during the United Nations War (remember that "United Nations War") against Red China, a war in which no peace has yet been signed.

But that Peiping dispatch has full significance. Whatever the number, the blood of young Americans was shed in a massive struggle against Chinese Communist aggression. Let us recognize the fact. Let us never forget it—when mistaken religious leaders, some of them high placed and distinguished, call upon us to give diplomatic recognition to the Peiping government with admission to the United Nations.

Janiel a. Foling

Jews Are Being Saved

because God is still interested in His covenant people Israel. Romans 11:26 tells us: "all Israel shall be saved." We are dedicated to this goal. A list of the converts of our mission since its beginning in 1894, could it be compiled, would fill many pages with the names of Jewish saints still among us, and almost as many in the Glory. To such a list should be added the names of saints brought to the Lord through the ministry of our own converts whom we have the right to call, in the Lord, our spiritual grandchildren.

Jewish missions are a profound success and Jews are being saved. An example of this is the joy we had at witnessing the Baptism of eight adult Jews and one Gentile at a monthly communion service in the auditorium of our New York City building. One of the Jews was an ex-Rabbi who had served a number of Synagogues in France during the war. In this country he found his Messiah, and gladly made public confession of his new faith by following his Lord in Baptism. Yes—Jews are being saved.

Our monthly publication, The Chosen People magazine, tells all about our work, gives valuable information about Jews who are being saved, and answers your vexing Scripture problems. Its illuminating interpretation of Scripture, and its timely articles on prophecy and the Jews, given from a Jewish standpoint, are of rare value. A free copy will be mailed to you if you will send us the coupon below. A one year subscription will be given to all who contribute to our work among Jews.

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Suitability Ratings by the

PROTESTANT MOTION PICTURE COUNCIL

motion picture reviews

★ Swiss Family Robinson

(Disney, Buena Vista)

Made to order for family audiences during the holiday season, this new filming of the 150-year-old novel by Johann Wyss comes alive in an exciting and beautiful way. The Disney Studios' reputation for authenticity is again merited. The untamed tropical surroundings of the West Indian island of Tobago are used for the settings with lashing surf, swamp and forest. Father, mother and three sons leave their Swiss home to flee from the Napoleonic wars. They sail West, cross the Atlantic and are wrecked on what appears to be a deserted island. Salvaging material from their ship and using local available resources, they build a tree house with great inventiveness and settle to a peaceful existence. Two of the boys discover they have undesirable neighbors -pirates who are holding a British ship captain and his grandson for ransom. Now the adventure acquires more and more well-paced excitement, the plot gradually increasing in interest to its satisfying conclusion. A commendable feature of the tale and its enactment is the good family relations between all its members, based on mutual affection.

Sunrise at Campobello

(Schary Prod, Warner Bros.)

Here is a play which seems to have acquired exuberance and size in transferring to the screen. It is still the story of a rich, successful, happy family man suddenly struck by poliomyelitis. His life was changed; in overcoming physical limitations with indomitable courage, he attained what he had planned: the pursuit of his political career which eventually led him to the presidency of the United States. The film covers three years, from the time Franklin Delano Roosevelt succumbed to the illness to the day when, at the 1924 Democratic Convention, he nominated Alfred Smith for President. Actual settings are used with excellent effect—an island summer home, the New York City residence and the Roosevelt estate at Hyde Park, N. Y. It is regrettable that alcoholic beverages are shown served in an American home during Prohibition years. The leading actors, with action and speech, reproduce the personalities they represent-an effect occasionally overdone. The film will be of special interest to families who enjoy following people and events of our times.

FAMILY

High Time (20th Century-Fox) A middle-aged man fulfills his dream of college: pranks, romance and diploma. The Three Worlds of Gulliver (Morningside, Columbia) Fantasy built on satire by Jonathan Swift. "Gulliver's Travels" in an abridged version.

The Boy Who Stole a Million (George H. Brown, Paramount) A Spanish boy "borrows" a million to help his father and learns the demands of honesty.

Santa Claus (K. Gordon Murray) An up-to-date version of Santa Claus' domain during the pre-Christmas period of toy-making and children's wishing.

ADULTS AND MATURE YOUTH

The Alamo (Batjac, U.A.) The ruthless dictator Santa Ana victimizing the people in Texas Territory. The battle of the Alamo: 13 days of suffering, raids, sickness and death.

Hell is a City (Hammer, Columbia) English melodrama of clear-cut, interesting style despite its sordid aspects. Seven Days from Sundown (U.I.) Texas Ranger brings his man to jail while they fight Indians and outlaws.

ADULTS

A Breath of Scandal (Paramount) Sophisticated romantic comedy about love and life at the court of Franz Josef.

Desire in the Dust (Claxton, 20th Century-Fox) Sordid expose of sex and violence; attempted subversion of law.

Let's Make Love (20th Century-Fox)

A billionaire wants love in spite of his

world, aided by high finance.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs (Warners) Family problems vulgarized with frank dialogue and revealing episodes of marital intimacies.

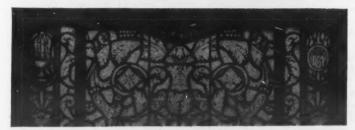
fortune. He finds it in the theatrical

The Savage Innocents (Menotti, Paramount) Rough life and brutal customs among Eskimos realistically described, Surprise Package (Stanley Donen, Columbia) A rich racketeer and a dethroned king meet on a Greek island and try to defraud one another. Satire without any ethical or moral values.

EDITON'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; if is morely a quide

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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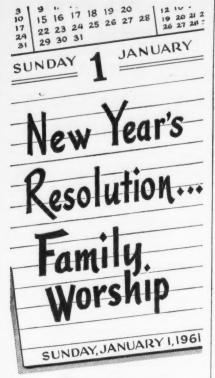
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TELEVISION THIS MONTH

Because television is becoming a factor in the life of all Americans, including church people, Christian Herald introduces a new monthly department which will alert television viewers to programs which are likely to be significant ones.

The Coming of Christ is one of the most inspired presentations we are likely to see on the networks this season. With Alexander Scourby narrating, the Christmas story unfolds on original canvases by Rembrandt and other artists. A delicate thread of new and old Christmas music weaves picture and story together.

NBC's Project 20 team, which produces the show, spent six months cutting through the red tape of European art galleries, ferreting out the works of lesser-known artists and painstakingly screening the more than 400 pictures from which these were selected. Some of the scenes you watch may well be the complete picture; others but a tiny corner or detail of a gigantic canvas. Yet the camera has blended them together so skillfully that the viewer forgets that the pictures themselves are not actually in motion. The technique used is the same as that which won film awards here and abroad for last spring's Life of Mark Twain.

The result—a refreshingly different, yet reverent, telling of the Greatest Story. Part II will follow at Easter.

Christmas Startime, a repeat of last year's show with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic, Marian Anderson, the Scola Cantorium choir and the boys' choir from St. Paul's Cathedral in London, England. Memorable music thoroughly in keeping with the mood of Christmas day.

Amahl and The Night Visitors. It doesn't seem possible that we shall be tuning in this Gian Carlo Menotti opera for the 11th time, nor that three boys have grown up in the role of Amahl. This will be the fourth performance for Kirk Jordan. Preceding him were Bill McIver (four performances) and Chet Allen (three). Rosemary Coleman, who sings with the New York City Center Opera and will

be seen in January in NBC Opera's *Deseret*, is still the mother. This showing is on tape, as was the last one.

Golden Child. The sets and the costumes are colorful, the voices are excellent. But nothing offsets the rowdiness, nor establishes the Christmas spirit in this raucous atmosphere of a miner's lodge during the Gold Rush of '49. The story is weak, without credulity and completely lacking in peace and good will among men. The feeble attempt at the end of the last scene just doesn't succeed. On NBC.

ABC-TV, on the other hand, plans to produce an adaptation of *Christmas in the Market Place*, an original French play by Henri Gheon. The story of the Nativity will be told as it might have been by a group of traveling players in a frontier town. But it will be the real Christmas story, with an interwoven moral in a behind-the-scenes story involving one of the players.

Christmas Eve and Christmas Day services will be broadcast by all the networks as well as by local stations. In addition to traditional services from the National Cathedral in Washington, D, C., St. John the Divine and the Church of the Ascension in New York City, we may have the opportunity of sitting in on Christmas morning services in a little snow-covered church in New England. CBS may also carry a Christmas telecast of the famed Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

Production has begun in Dallas, Texas, on a new television series for 1961 based on documented experiences of conversion and Christian development. The series, titled *Living Christianity*, will be sponsored by the Highland Church of Christ, Abilene and presented on their *Herald of Truth* program over 74 TV and 240 radio stations here and abroad.

NBC-TV has in the works a half-hour telecast showing the work now going on at the Baptist Church of Moscow. The film, made in co-operation with the Southern Baptist Convention, will probably be shown during one of the network's Frontiers of Faith time periods after the first of the year.



proudly announces its newest release

Musical Memories

An all-girl chorus sings the familiar hymn, "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go," and a choir presents an unusual arrangement of "Come, Ye Disconsolate," both accompanied by the Bob Jones University Orchestra. Dr. Bob Jones, Jr., interprets Bulwer Lytton's beautiful poem, "Aux Italiens." This fifteen-minute

color film of sacred melodies and a secular literary classic contrasts the failure of human love with the perfection of Divine love.



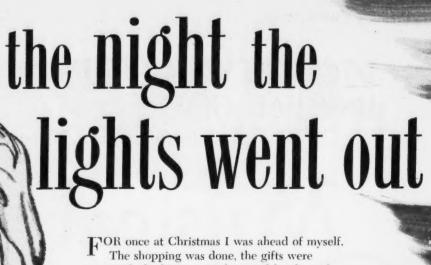
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write:

UNUSUAL FILMS

BOB JONES UNIVERSITY

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

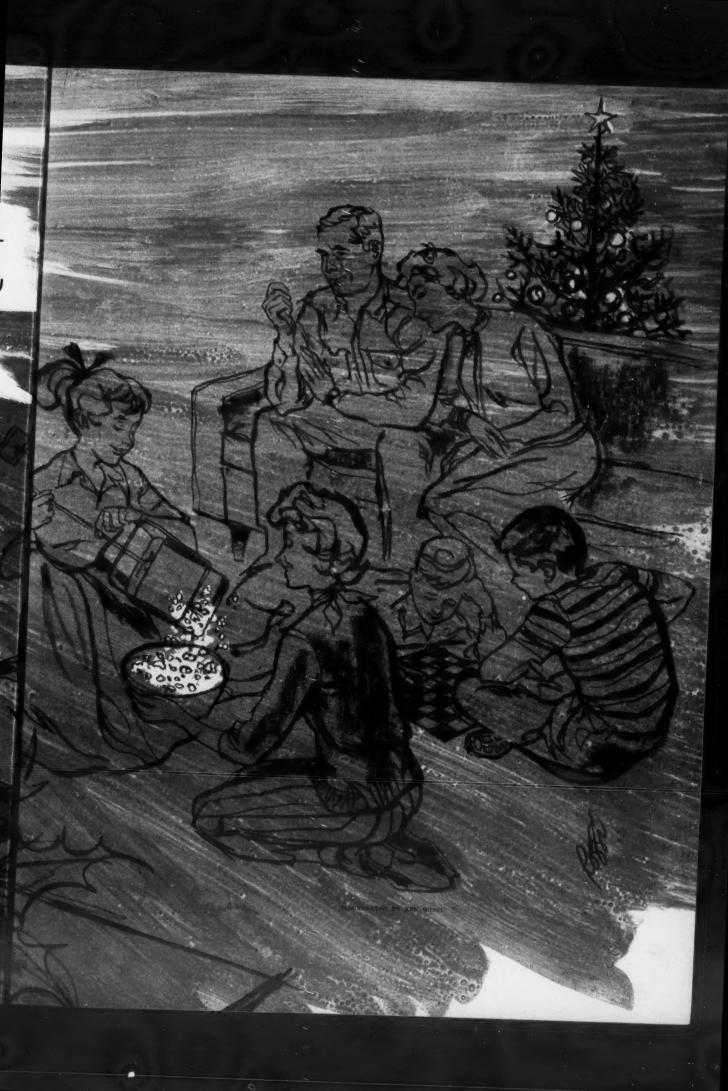


FOR once at Christmas I was ahead of myself. The shopping was done, the gifts were wrapped, the house was clean and bright with decorations, the tree was up, the Nativity scene was carefully arranged on a small table near the fireplace—and it was only the night of the 22nd.

But somehow, something was missing. Perhaps the customary bustle and last-minute worry? No, I was glad to be ready. But somehow I felt that things should be more, well Christmasy—less as they are on any other night of any other week.

My two teen-age girls were in their bedroom, playing the same tunes on their record player that shook the house all year. They were, they said, sick of the Christmas songs on the radio and television. The boys, as usual, were in the denomatching TV. One of their favorite watching TV. One of their favorite was a holiday theme tacked on to the same of Dobiously it was not holding their interest in had to speak to them several times about a mining with each other and arming. I was trying to the continuous of the c

TYRA BERG





In summer temperature, the Naone family, of Honolulu, go shopping for a Christmus tree. Fir trees are not native, are shipped from mainland.



Hawaiian children present a nativity play. Christmas could be called a chain around the world, uniting people of every tongue, dress or clime.

Christmas in HAWAII

THE Christmas trees must be imported. There is no snow, no biting winds, no blazing hearths. Actually, the sun is high in the heavens, the weather balmy and the white beaches are dotted with bathers.

Thus our 50th state—the lush islands of Hawaii—at Christmastime.

In the homes, carols are sung to the strumming of a ukulele; feet are bare on the straw carpets; bold cotton prints are worn by all.

In back of the carol-singing group is the decorated Christmas tree. The presents have been distributed. The Christmas dinner—of roast chicken—has been eaten.

More important, the Christmas services at the church have been attended and the Christmas play has been presented. And in their hearts and minds these Christians have honored the birth of the Master.

There probably was no snow on those Palestine hills that wondrous night that Christ was born. There is no snow on Hawaiian hills on Christmas night.

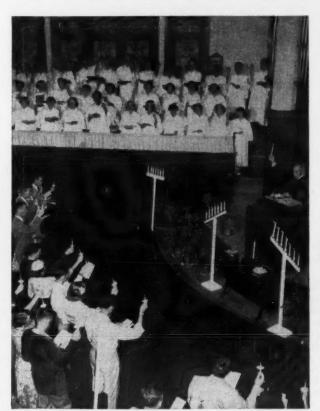
And the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest!"

-Decatur Riggs





The Naone youngsters make decorations for their Christmas tree, Seated around it, later, the family will read the nativity story.



Candlelight service on Christmas Eve at the First Methodist Church of Honolulu. It sets the tone of the holy day for the Naone family.

Tropical weather didn't deter Santa from paying a visit, in his regulation outfit and pack, to Hawaiian small-fry. Wilson Playground Center, Papakolea.

A CHRISTMAS PROGRAM IN THE HOME

Wherever else Christmas

belongs, it belongs in the home. And although it belongs especially in the home where there are children, the real Christmas is for everyone. The essence of Christmas is not a tree but a truth; not the way Christmas is wrapped but what it contains. All the rest—the tinsel, the turkey, the colored lights, the stockings hung by the chimney with care, even the companionship of friends or relatives—is optional equipment: nice, but not strictly essential. You can observe Christmas without any of these. But you can't have Christmas without Christ.

To help you find the rich meaning of Christmas in your home, you may wish to do as so many families are doing: plan a Christmas service in which each member of the family participates. Use all or parts of the service suggested here—or develop your own. Whether you have a small family, a large family, or no family, you will find ideas here (and in the rest of this special Christmas issue of Christmas Herald) to make this a remembered Christmas.

Opening Song: "Christmas Means Thinking of Jesus" (See page 26.)

The Story of the Shepherds (For this, open the Bible to Luke 2 and read at least the first 20 verses, Or you may wish to use copies of the large-type booklet, *The Birth and Childhood of Jesus*, taken from Luke 1:5-2:40, which you may secure from the American Bible Society, 450 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. A single copy in King James or Revised version may be obtained without cost; in quantity, 3¢ each, \$3 per hundred.)

CANDLE LIGHTING (Father or Mother): This is the birthday of Jesus. When we have birthdays in our family, we have birthday cakes and put candles on them. So on the birthday of Jesus we have candles, and lights on our Christmas trees and lights in many places. When Jesus grew up, He said, "I am the Light of the world!" And He said to us all, "Ye are the light of the

world." So we are going to think of all that now while (use name) lights this candle and places it up where we can all see it.

(Older Child or Mother): When Jesus was born, the world was unhappy. People were afraid. But when God sent His Son, it was as if God had lighted a candle in the darkness. And now (lighting candle) there are many lighted candles, many people all over the earth helping to take away unhappiness and trouble. God wants us all to give light so that people may find their way, even as Jesus was the Light of the World.

Song: "O Little Town of Bethlehem." THE STORY OF THE WISE MEN: Read from Matthew 2:1-12.

Song: "We Three Kings of Orient Are."

THE CHRISTMAS STORY: Retold by the smaller children. As one tells the story, the others re-enact it by placing the crèche figures. Or, if you prefer, use a picture interpretation instead.

Instrumental Music, or Vocal

Duet or Trio.

Hymn: "Joy to the World."

CHRISTMAS PRAYER: Dear Father, we thank you for Christmas. We thank you for your love in sending Jesus into the world. When we are selfish and want things for ourselves, help us to remember that Jesus, the greatest King of all, had only a crib in a stable. Help us to remember that He lived in a home where there was love. Help usbrothers, sisters, father, mother-all to love each other and be patient with each other and to help each other all we can. We want our home to be a happy, loving home. We pray that we may think about Jesus on Christmas and on the day after Christmas and all through the year. We thank Thee for Christmas because it was Jesus' birthday. In His name. Amen.

CLOSING SONG: "Silent Night."

TO REDISCOVER the real Christmas, a family must make a pilgrimage in spirit to Bethlehem, for there it was that Christmas came to pass. Such a worship pilgrimage will be one of the closest bonds that a family can know, and repeated year after year it becomes a cherished family tradition. Easter, Thanksgiving and Christmas are the great religious days; but, family-wise, the greatest of these is Christmas.

Whether the family plans its worship time for Christmas Eve or Christmas Day depends upon the occasion when the circle is more complete. Other things being equal, Christmas Eve offers the better opportunity. Then it is that the hearts of the children are standing on tiptoe. The darkness beyond the windowpanes, the fire in the fireplace, seem to draw the family closer together. It was in darkness that shepherds kept watch over their sheep and heard the angels sing. Christmas Eve is a magic night of great expectations when it is not hard to see Wise Men bearing gifts and a star brighter than others leading them on their way.

And so the tree trimmed, stockings hung—for the joy of Christmas need not interfere with the sheer fun of it—mother and father sit in their favorite chairs in the living room, the children gather round, perhaps the little ones in pajamas, and the glow and wonder of Christmas comes to life again.

Everyone will participate and the "parts" should be assigned several days, even weeks, in advance—both to lend dignity and importance to the service and to spread out anticipation of the great day. If one of the older boys or girls is to read Luke's Shepherd Story, he must have ample time to look at it beforehand, so that he doesn't stumble over "difficult words." The pride of the youngsters may be appealed to; this is the Saviour's birthday and only the best is good enough for Him at His birthday

Youngsters 3 to 7 enjoy putting familiar stories into their own words. "Let me tell it!" they insist. And even if someone else reads the actual Bible story to keep the record straight and to share the melody of the ancient words, one (or all) of the younger ones will appreciate the chance to rephrase it in his own way. Such a procedure makes the story the child's own and gives him the attention of the whole family, which he values.

If a younger child, then, is to retell the story of how the shepherds came to find the baby in a manger, he must hear the Bible story a week or so in advance. Children think about what they have seen and heard even when they are not talking about it. When the time comes, they will be ready.

Some family groups may wish to use

one or more of the "Preparations for Christmas" ideas on page 10. Or if the members of the family are in their teens or older, appropriate use might be made of one of the stories from the section, "A Treasury of Christmas," read aloud.

(An individual alone on Christmas Eve may still have an effective time of meditation and contemplation. The Christmas carols need not be sung; they may be read silently, and pondered—the words will take on meanings never noticed merely in the singing. And of course the Bible story is as effective when read alone as in a group.)

If there is a piano in the household, plan to use it, by all means. If some members of the family play other instruments, include them in the program planning. Small children love to draw and color their pictures. One of them might produce, ahead of time, a picture on a large sheet of paper (even wrapping paper will do, about 10 by 15 inches) to be used as a "worship center"—perhaps fastened with tape to the mantel, if the ceremony takes place around the hearth. The child will then have his own place on the program, telling what he drew in the picture

and how it relates to Christmas and the Christ-child.

If the children are older, one may enjoy securing or making a crèche (nativity scene), and re-telling the story of what happened in the little town of Bethlehem that fateful night,

Hymns used will depend upon the age range of members of the family. Small children like "Away in a Manger." Older ones may prefer "O Little Town of Bethlehem." "O Come, All Ye Faithful" and "Angels from the Realms of Glory" are adult hymns,

Probably not more than fifteen minutes, or at most a half hour, will be needed, depending upon the size of the family and the use of extra program items such as the picture interpretation and instrumental selections. Plan the starting time accordingly, but do not begin until after the hurry of Christmas preparations (except for Mother and Dad's last-minute midnight chores) has subsided and all is ready for the morrow. Then quietly, calmly, sincerely, make your pilgrimage to Bethlehem.

When the program is concluded, send the children off to bed, to go to sleep with dreams of angels.

"Christmas Means Thinking of Jesus"



Daniel Twohig, who has collaborated with Geoffrey O'Hara on religious songs for 25 years ("I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked" is one of them), unhappily pondered the excessive number of Christmas songs published every year that make no mention of Christ or the real meaning of Christmas. He wrote a poem stating what he thought a singable, meaningful Christmas song ought to say, and sent it off to his composer friend.

"Christmas Means Thinking of Jesus" so completely expressed Geoffrey O'Hara's sentiments also that he went to work promptly on a tune for it. Warren Angell, dean of the College of Fine Arts of Okiahoma Baptist University added the finishing touches and published the song. The result—a message that catches up the significance of Christmas and wraps it in a happy tune that almost sings itself. Turn the page and see if you don't agree...

Christmas Means Thinking Of Jesus





Christmas Means etc.
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When shepherds left their night-swept task
In answer to an anthem's glory,
One little herd boy stayed behind
To guard the flocks... This is his story...

The oldest shepherd of them all
Laughed loudly at the little lad.

"Why should we work, alone?" he asked—

"When all the waiting world is glad?

The angels sang—'To men, good will!'

It is our task their word to carry."

The little herd boy shook his head,
And, "With the sheep," he said, "I'll tarry,"

"Oh, we must go to Bethlehem,"
The shepherds cried. "Our feet must follow
The star that turns each hill to gold,
That bathes, with silver, every hollow.
Oh, we must go into the town,"
The shepherds cried, "for joy is waiting!"
But standing just a bit apart
One little boy was hesitating.

And so, as down the shepherds went
To Bethlehem's town where Jesus lay,
The herd boy stayed upon the hill
To keep the hungry wolves away.
And as the wind beat down on him,
He held his ragged garment tight
And pondered on the miracle
That had transformed a silent night.

"I, too, have seen the star," he said,
"I, too, have heard the angels' voices—
I, too, have sensed a blessed truth
That thrills me—while my soul rejoices;
"But, oh," so said the little boy,
"We have a faith that we must keep,
We cannot leave our helpless flocks,
We can't desert our trusting sheep!"

by Margaret E. Sangster And loneliness came crowding close,
(For he was just a little child!)
And Bethlehem lay far below,
And, on the hill, the gale was wild.
And though the white sheep huddled near,
They could not talk or understand,
They did not even sense the light
That lay across the brooding land.

"I wish that someone might have stayed,"
So said the herd boy, in his heart,
"To keep me company . . . I wish
That I, myself, might be a part
Of the procession that has gone
To greet the blessed Baby King!"
So spoke the child—"For I, too, saw
The star, and heard the angels sing!

Herd Boy

"And yet—my place is here!" So said
The little boy. "My place is here!"
And as he spoke (this time aloud)
He heard swift footsteps coming near,
And then he saw, with startled glance,
Another Boy with tender eyes,
And hair that seemed to catch the glow
Reflected from the star-sweet skies.

But, wakeful, on the highest hill,
Two children cuddled close together
And they were warm—as were the sheep—
Despite the wind and wintry weather.
And when at last the sound of feet
Told them the shepherds were returning,
The star that lit the sky seemed pale,
For, in the East, the dawn was burning.

And—"Who are you?" the herd boy asked,
"What is your name?" the herd boy cried.
And softly spoke the Stranger Child,
"I come—a Friend to watch beside
Your sheep with you. My name?" the Child
Laughed with a gentle mystery.
"Oh, I am just a Boy," He said—
"A little Boy who is to be!"

And as the dawn arrived, the Child
Who shared the herd boy's vigil, rose
And kissed His little comrade's cheek.
And, softly as the thistle blows,
Went down the hill and out of sight.
And, as the eastern sky grew red,
The herd boy turned to greet his mates,
And, "Have I dreamed a dream?" he said.

"And I will come to lonely hearts,
Across dim years, in far-off places—
And I will smile from many eyes,
Will brush the doubt from tired faces...
And when, at last, I am a Man,"
The strange Child sighed beneath His breath—
"I will climb many a hill," he said,
"Until, at last, I climb toward—death..."

"Oh, have I dreamed a dream?" he asked,
"Or did you meet Him, going down?"
The shepherds answered, "We have passed
Nobody since we left the town.
You should have come with us." They spoke
With reverence, "New hope was born!"
But, sleepily, the herd boy smiled
Into the gold of Christmas morn.

(Below them lay the resting town
Of Bethlehem—a stable door
Was opened wide, and people pressed
Across a straw-strewn earthen floor.
And Mary held her sleeping Son
Against her breast, while shepherds knelt
And tried to bare their souls to her,
And tried to tell her what they felt....)

Once shepherds sought a stable place In answer to an anthem's glory— But on the hill one herd boy stayed To guard the flocks . . . this is his story,

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK OTT

DOCTOR POLING

answers your questions



Dr. Poling confers with Billy Graham on the latter's eight-week evangelistic campaign in Philadelphia next summer. Dr. Ross H. Stover, a pastor in that city, looks on.

Divorce and Remarriage

At the recent Denver Conference of the Methodist Church, the Methodists adopted a new policy on the re-marriage of divorced persons. How do they reconcile this policy with the teachings of Jesus regarding divorce and re-marriage?

Oно Mrs. V.H.

I am sure that the Denver Conference of the Methodist Church considered prayerfully the action taken and that it is believed to be fully in harmony with the teachings of Jesus.

No Tears

In the July issue you answered an enquirer about a statue of Mary which allegedly wept according to a Roman Catholic priest. You said that you did not believe that the statue "wept." Recently there has been much publicity about an icon of Mary weeping in Hempstead, N. Y., and now placed in a Greek Orthodox Church. Thousands have allegedly witnessed it. And lately two more icons have "wept." What is your opinion about this?

Pennsylvania Mrs. D.R.

My opinion remains as already stated—without prejudice to the sincere belief of many others. I greatly regret the way in which such matters as these are publicized and exploited.

English Drug Addicts

Is it true that in England there are very few narcotics addicts and can

they, the youth, get drugs without any trouble at all?

Missouri A.J.P.

How many addicts England has I do not know, but too many, of course. A more complete answer to this question will be found on page 45 of the October 1959 issue of Christian Herald.

Prophecy?

Could "The Big Secret for America 1960" or "Zero 1960." which we have been viewing on TV for the last few years, mean a Roman Catholic President and the leadership of the free Western World coming under their complete dominance? Is this the fulfillment of the prophecy of Our Lady of Fatima? What is your opinion?

California R.C.

In my opinion there is just nothing to it!

Purse, Scrip and Sword

What do you think Jesus meant in Luke 22: 35, 36? Why did He change His orders? I will be anxious to hear your viewpoint on this.

Indiana Mrs. L.P

This entire incident is peculiar to St. Luke. The appeal of Jesus to the past experience of His disciples indicates that on their first mission they may have been welcomed by those who received Him and were given food and shelter that met all their needs. In their second mission Jesus

seems to place upon His disciples responsibility for looking after their own needs. This is the counsel of prudence along with the acceptance of personal responsibility. As to the sword, Jesus knew that two of His disciples, Peter and another, brought swords with them. Was He perhaps being realistic in conveying His warnings in the form which met their fears and hopes? One commentator has written that Jesus knew that "if they meant to trust in swords the time was coming when they would sorely need them."

Baptism Without Confirmation

Is confirmation necessary to be right with God? I was baptized in an Episcopalian Church but I was never confirmed. I can't believe there will be denominations in Heaven. Is it necessary to be confirmed or admitted to a church? Jesus said, "Be baptized and believe," and I have and do.

Nebraska Mrs. H.R.

The answer to this question is in the conscience of the individual asking me. Certainly churches have the right to state the conditions under which members will be received.

The Right to Speak

As a reader of Christian Herald, I was deeply interested in all of the material in the June issue on the ill-fated resolutions adopted by the National Council Study Group recommending recognition of Communist China. Has the National Council or

any of its branches or groups the right to speak for Protestants on any such governmental question? If so, how did the Council get that authority?

NEW YORK P.R.W.

The National Council of Churches is the official representative of the denominations which are its constituent bodies. Unless and until these denominations repudiate an action taken by the National Council it does speak officially for the denominations—whatever you or I may think about it!

Is Christmas Pagan?

I am informed that Jehovah's Witnesses do not accept December 25th as the birthday of Christ and consider the giving of gifts at Christmas, having a tree, filling stockings pagan customs. Are they right?

PENNSYLVANIA E.A.

I do not accept the creed and beliefs of Jehovah's Witnesses and am not troubled in my own faith with their claims. The exact date of the birthday of Jesus, as of the present calendar, is not known. December 25 is universally accepted for this sublime Christian festival, and I rejoice with the millions who give and receive gifts and who worship at the manger.

Love and Hate

In Matthew 5:44 it says: "But I say unto you, love your enemies." And in Luke 14:26 it says that Christ said "If anyone comes to me and does not hate his father and mother, and wife and children, and brothers and sisters, yea

and his own life, he cannot be my disciple." How is that? Love your enemies and hate all those who are dearest to you?

Texas A.S.

Hate, as translated here, does not mean hate in the sense of wishing or planning evil against anyone. Jesus is putting squarely before the disciples and others the fact that loyalty to Him requires first and pre-eminent allegiance. This loyalty has been and is being demonstrated in instances beyond numbering, through all ages and everywhere in the world.

Jesus' Brothers

I am told that Jesus had half-sisters and brothers. On the other hand, I have heard that the Roman Catholic Church teaches otherwise. What do you believe?

PENNSYLVANIA E.A.F

The Scriptures state definitely that Jesus had brothers and sisters, but the Roman Catholics believe that these were really cousins and not brothers and sisters. They were, of course, half-brothers and half-sisters. They would have been younger than Jesus, since He was Virgin-born.

Blasphemy Forgiven?

Do you think God can and will forgive anyone who blasphemes against Him? Is this to be considered the unpardonable sin?

Illinois P. H. G.

God will and does forgive such a one. This is not the unpardonable sin.

Lines of a Layman

By J. C. PENNEY



likewise; the example of my parents, and the practice of several men I worked for after I got out of high school influenced me in making it a positive part of my personal business policy. Today I am but one of thousands upon thousands doing so. I am often impressed by the variety of ways in which businessmen relate themselves openly to Golden Rule practice. For example, the other day one of our retired Penney store managers sent me an uncommonly handsome little booklet he had received at Christmas time from a friend in the business community, a motor car distributor. The booklet is titled The Golden Rule and illuminated in the style of medieval manuscripts by Carl A. Mundstock. The text, accompanied by illuminations embodying designs and symbols associated with each, presents the Golden Rule in the forms in which it appears in seven great religions. The busi-

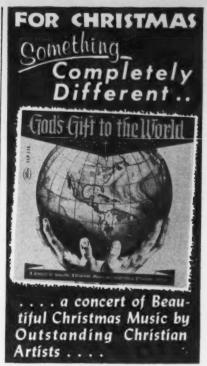
The Golden Rule at Christmas

I wouldn't want it to seem that I think of myself

as unique in relating Golden Rule practice in business.

At the time I started out many other men were doing

nessman had added his own message to his friends as follows: "It's Christmas! At this season it is well to remind ourselves that all of us would be living in a better world if we went beyond knowing the Golden Rule, and tried to live by it." This is but one bit of the evidence I see on all sides, that people are turning to this great principle as about the only way left for this distressed old world.



CAROL OF THE DRUMS, Borrington College: GOD'S GREATEST GIFT, Jim Reese; GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN, Reck of Ages Quartet; O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL, Lucymae Stewart; NO ROOM IN THE INN, Strat Shufelt; JOY TO THE WORLD, The Children's Bible Hour; CHRISTMAS, CHRISTMAS, THE THREE SORS GOSPI Team; A WONDERFUL GUEST, Louis Paul Lehmen; BREAK FORTH, O BEAUTEOUS, HEAVEHLY LIGHT, Brierrest Cherale; SWEET LITTLE JESUS BOY, Jimmie McDendid; O MOLY NIGHT, Delores VanDarPuy; WHO IS HE ON YONDER HILLT, Helliddy-Shuttlewerth Evangelistic Team; SILENT NIGHT, The Parschauer Sisters.

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DECEMBER IN THE SOUL

By ROY A. BURKHART

TEXT: "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that lored us."-Romans 8:37

DECEMBER in the land! The chill of grey days; leaves once alive in green and gold, all withered and dry, blown through the streets; fragrant gardens gone to their grave; the lone cry of birds belated in their search for summer climes; far-off sunsets cold, austere in their forbidding beauty.

December in the heart! The year's end and the knowledge of hopes unrealized; ships of soul that touched upon our shores have gone, leaving desolate the harbor; a little farther from life's springtime; heading into dreary days of winter; dreams that are dead; springs of aspiration frozen over. Onward we go, perhaps more with dogged determination than with exuberant faith, wondering if life has meaning, fighting to keep the great distaste from victimizing the soul.

Winter in the world! Star-like hopes faded from the sky; hatred trampling the flowers of grace and love: darkdrenched horizons, the muttering thunders of threatening storms; the end of things that were beautiful and promising; and unknown and fearsome tomorrows. December is here.

But a poet, writing of Easter and all its heartening hopes, has uttered a sentiment which inspires our faith and bids our fears begone. He thinks of the tree, bleak and leafless, lifting bare,

beseeching arms to heaven, and he says:

Undaunted by Decembers The sap is faithful yet; The growing earth remembers And only men forget.

Nature and history are never discouraged. Only men forget. Only human hearts see no promise in December; only the souls of men find in shipwreck and sorrow and defeat the end of all things. Realizing that only men forget, many a seer has cried, "I will look unto the hills, I will let their, patience possess my soul."

There is no dodging Decembers, And it is better so. For it seems that all the progress in soul and society comes when bleak, barren davs have turned men's thoughts from the means of living to the meaning of life. Most of our treasures have been found in the darkness, The Renaissance was the terrorizing end of a little world cozy and understandable, where every man could plow his little plot; the Reformation seemed to millions nothing less than the end of a world-destroying storm. Out of great defeats men weave the fabric of great victories; few hearts have been noble which have not first been broken.

Several years ago, a great newspaper came out at the end of December saying something like this: "The gains of the last twelve months have been the gains of men who, suddenly bereft of their familiar reliances, turned with

(Continued on page 45)

CHRISTIAN HERALD PULPIT

Now minister emeritus of Columbus, Ohio's 7000member First Community Church which he served for 25 years, Dr. Roy A. Burkhart is kept busy lecturing and conducting seminars in colleges, seminaries and business groups. But when he can, he keeps his hand in as fisherman, canoeist, antique buff and stamp collector. Dr. (for Ph.D. as well as D.D.) Burkhart was a high school principal, vocational school superintendent and director of youth work before his ordination as a Congregational Christian minister. Known for his efforts in the area of Christian Education, he has con-

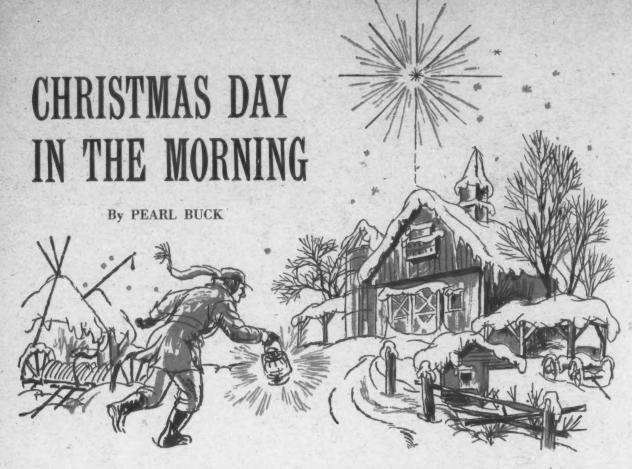
tinued an interest in young people, including his seven grandchildren. The latest of his nine published books is The Freedom to Become Yourself.



A TREASURY OF CHRISTMAS

Christian Herald's holiday gift to you—five memorable articles and stories that deserve to become Christmas classics, reprinted by special arrangement with the original publishers. May they add sparkles of joy, humor and inspiration to Christmas at your house.

Illustrated by JAMES LEWICKI



HE WOKE SUDDENLY and completely. It was four o'clock, the hour at which his father had always called him to get up and help with the milking. Strange how the habits of his youth clung to him still! Fifty years ago, and his father had been dead for 30 years, and yet he waked at four o'clock in the morning. He had trained himself to turn over and go to sleep, but this morning, because it was Christmas, he did not try to sleep.

Yet what was the magic of Christmas now? His children had grown and gone. Some of them lived only a few miles away but they had their own families, and though they would come in as usual toward the end of the day, they had explained with infinite gentleness that they wanted their children to build Christmas memories about their houses, not his. He was left alone with his wife.

Yesterday she had said, "It isn't worth while, perhaps-"
And he had said, "Oh, yes, Alice, even if there are only
the two of us, let's have a Christmas of our own."

Then she had said, "Let's not trim the tree until tomorrow, Robert-just so it's ready when the children come. I'm tired."

He had agreed, and the tree was still out in the back

He lay in his big bed in his room. The door to her room was shut because she was a light sleeper, and sometimes he had restless nights. Years ago they had decided to use separate rooms. It meant nothing, they said, except that neither of them slept as well as they once had. They had been married so long that nothing could separate them, actually.

Why did he feel so awake tonight? For it was still night, a clear and starry night. No moon, of course, but the stars seemed always large and clear before the dawn of Christmas

Day. There was one star now that was certainly larger and brighter than any of the others. He could even imagine it moving, as it had seemed to him to move one night long ago.

He slipped back in time, as he did so easily nowadays. He was 15 years old and still on his father's farm. He loved his father. He had not known it until one day a few days before Christmas, when he had overheard what his father was saying to his mother.

"Mary, I hate to call Rob in the mornings. He's growing so fast and he needs his sleep. If you could see how_he sleeps when I go in to wake him up! I wish I could manage alone."

"Well, you can't, Adam." His mother's voice was brisk. "Besides, he isn't a child any more. It's time he took his turn."

"Yes," his father said slowly. "But I sure do hate to wake him."

When he heard these words, something in him woke: his father loved him! He had never thought of it before, taking for granted the tie of their blood. Neither his father nor his mother talked about loving their children—they had no time for such things. There was always so much to do on the farm.

Now that he knew his father loved him, there would be no more loitering in the mornings and having to be called again. He got up after that, stumbling blind with sleep, and pulled on his clothes, his eyes tight shut, but he got up.

And then on the night before Christmas, that year when he was 15, he lay for a few minutes thinking about the next day. They were poor, and most of the excitement was in the turkey they had raised themselves and in the mince pies his mother made. His sisters sewed presents and his

mother and father always bought something more, such as a book. And he saved and bought them each something, too.

He wished, that Christmas he was 15, he had a better present for his father. As usual he had gone to the 10-cent store and bought a tie. It had seemed nice enough until he lay thinking the night before Christmas, and then he wished that he had heard his father and mother talking in time for him to save for something better.

He lay on his side, his head supported by his elbow, and looked out of his attic window. The stars were bright, much brighter than he ever remembered seeing them, and one star in particular was so bright that he wondered if it

were really the Star of Bethlehem.

"Dad," he had once asked when he was a little boy, "what is a stable?"

"It's just a barn," his father had replied, "like ours." Then Jesus had been born in a barn, and to a barn the shepherds and the Wise Men had come, bringing their

Christmas gifts!

The thought struck him like a dagger. Why should he not give his father a special gift too, out there in the barn? He could get up early, earlier than four o'clock, and he could creep into the barn and get all the milking done. He'd do it alone, milk and clean up, and then when his father went in to start the milking, he'd see it all done. And he would know who had done it.

He laughed to himself as he gazed at the stars. It was what he would do, and he mustn't sleep too sound.

He must have waked twenty times, scratching a match each time to look at his old watch-midnight, and half past one, and then two o'clock.

At a quarter to three he got up and put on his clothes. He crept downstairs, careful of the creaky boards, and let himself out. The big star hung lower over the barn roof, a reddish gold. The cows looked at him, sleepy and surprised. It was early for them too.

"So, boss," he whispered. They accepted him placidly and he fetched some hay for each cow and then got the

milking pail and the big milk cans.

He had never milked all alone before, but it seemed almost easy. He kept thinking about his father's surprise. His father would come in and call him, saying that he would get things started while Rob was getting dressed. He'd go to the barn, open the door, and then he'd go to get the two big empty milk cans. But they wouldn't be waiting or empty; they'd be standing in the milkhouse, filled. "What the—" he could hear his father exclaiming.

He smiled and milked steadily, two strong streams rushing into the pail, frothing and fragrant. The cows were still surprised but acquiescent. For once they were behaving well, as though they knew it was Christmas.

The task went more easily than he had ever known it to before. Milking for once was not a chore. It was something else, a gift to his father who loved him. He finished, the two milk cans were full, and he covered them and closed the milkhouse door carefully, making sure of the latch. He put the stool in its place by the door and hung up the clean milk pail. Then he went out of the barn and barred the door behind him.

Back in his room he had only a minute to pull off his clothes in the darkness and jump into bed, for he heard his father up. He put the covers over his head to silence his quick breathing. The door opened. "Rob!" his father called. We have to get up, son, even if it is Christmas. "Aw-right," he said sleepily.

"I'll go on out," his father said. "I'll get things started."

The door closed and he lay still, laughing to himself. In just a few minutes his father would know. His dancing heart was ready to jump from his body.

The minutes were endless-10, 15, he did not know how

many-and he heard his father's footsteps again. The door opened and he lay still.

Rob!

"Yes, Dad-"

"You son of a -" His father was laughing, a queer sobbing sort of a laugh. "Thought you'd fool me, did you?" His father was standing beside his bed, feeling for him, pulling away

"It's Christmas, Dad!"

He found his father and clutched him in a great hug. He felt his father's arms go around him. It was dark and they could not see each other's faces.

Son, I thank you. Nobody ever did a nicer thing-" "Oh, Dad, I want you to know-I do want to be good!" The words broke from him of their own will. He did not know what to say. His heart was bursting with love.

"Well, I reckon I can go back to bed and sleep," his father said after a moment. "No, hark-the little ones are waked up. Come to think of it, son, I've never seen you children when you first saw the Christmas tree. I was always in the barn. Come on!"

He got up and pulled on his clothes again and they went down to the Christmas tree, and soon the sun was creeping up to where the star had been. Oh, what a Christmas, and how his heart had nearly burst again with shyness and pride as his father told his mother and made the younger children listen about how he, Rob, had got up all by himself.

"The best Christmas gift I ever had, and I'll remember it, son, every year on Christmas morning, so long as I live.

They had both remembered it, and now that his father was dead he remembered it alone: that blessed Christmas dawn when, alone with the cows in the barn, he had made his first gift of true love.

Outside the window now the great star slowly sank. He got up out of bed and put on his slippers and bathrobe and went softly upstairs to the attic and found the box of Christmas-tree decorations. He took them downstairs into the living room. Then he brought in the tree. It was a little onethey had not had a big tree since the children went awaybut he set it in the holder and put it in the middle of the long table under the window. Then carefully he began to trim it.

It was done very soon, the time passing as quickly as it had that morning long ago in the barn. He went to his library and fetched the little box that contained his special gift to his wife, a star of diamonds, not large but dainty in design. He had written the card for it the day before. He tied the gift on the tree and then stood back. It was pretty, very pretty, and she would be surprised.

But he was not satisfied. He wanted to tell her-to tell her



how much he loved her. It had been a long time since he had really told her, although he loved her in a very special way, much more than he ever had when they were young.

He had been fortunate that she had loved him—and how fortunate that he had been able to love! Ah, that was the true joy of life, the ability to love! For he was quite sure that some people were genuinely unable to love anyone. But love was alive in him, it still was.

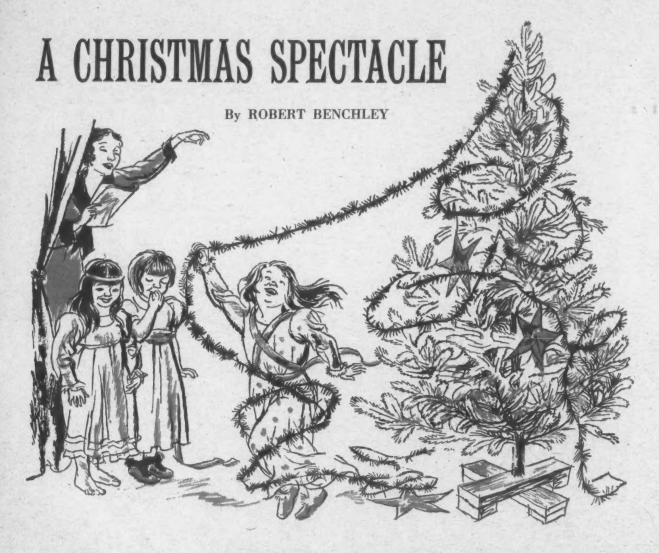
It occurred to him suddenly that it was alive because long ago it had been born in him when he knew his father loved him. That was it: love alone could waken love.

And he could give the gift again and again. This morning, this blessed Christmas morning, he would give it to his beloved wife. He could write it down in a letter for her to read and keep forever. He went to his desk and began his love letter to his wife: My dearest love . . .

When it was finished he sealed it and tied it on the tree where she would see it the first thing when she came into the room. She would read it, surprised and then moved, and realize how very much he loved her.

He put out the light and went tiptoeing up the stairs. The star in the sky was gone, and the first rays of the sun were gleaming the sky. Such a happy, happy Christmas!

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AT THE OPENING of the entertainment the Superintendent will step into the footlights, recover his balance apologetically, and say:

"Boys and girls of the Intermediate Department, parents and friends: I suppose you all know why we are here tonight. (At this point the audience will titter apprehensively.) Mrs. Drury and her class of little girls have been working very hard to make this entertainment a success,

and I am sure that everyone here tonight is going to have what I overheard one of my boys the other day calling 'some good time.' (Indulgent laughter from the little boys.) And may I add before the curtain goes up that immediately after the entertainment we want you all to file out into the Christian Endeavor room, where there will be a Christmas, 'with all the fixin's,' as the boys say." (Shrill whistling from the little boys and immoderate applause from everyone.)

There will then be a wait of 25 minutes, while sounds of hammering and dropping may be heard from behind the curtains. The Boys' Club orchestra will render the "Poet and Peasant Overture" four times in succession, each time

At last one side of the curtains will be drawn back; the other will catch on something and have to be released by hand; someone will whisper loudly, "Put out the lights," following which the entire house will be plunged into darkness. Amid catcalls from the little boys, the footlights will

at last go on, disclosing:

The windows in the rear of the vestry rather ineffectively concealed by a group of small fir trees on standards, one of which has already fallen over, leaving exposed a corner of the map of Palestine and the list of gold-star classes for November. In the center of the stage is a larger tree, undecorated, while at the extreme left, invisible to everyone in the audience except those sitting at the extreme right, is an imitation fireplace, leaning against the wall.

Twenty-five seconds too early little Flora Rochester will prance out from the wings, uttering the first shrill notes of a song, and will have to be grabbed by eager hands and pulled back. Twenty-four seconds later the piano will begin "The Return of the Reindeer" with a powerful accent on the first note of each bar, and Flora Rochester, Lillian Mc-Nulty, Gertrude Hamingham and Martha Wrist will swirl on, dressed in white, and advance heavily into the footlights,

which will go out.

There will then be an interlude while Mr. Neff, the sexton, adjusts the connection, during which the four little girls stand undecided whether to brave it out or cry. As a compromise they giggle and are herded back into the wings by Mrs. Drury, amid applause. When the lights go on again, the applause becomes deafening, and as Mr. Neff walks triumphantly away, the little boys in the audience will whistle: "There she goes, there she goes, all dressed up in her Sunday clothes!"

"The Return of the Reindeer" will be started again and the showgirls will reappear, this time more gingerly and somewhat dispirited. They will, however, sing the following, to the music of the "Ballet Pizzicato" from "Sylvia":

> We greet you, we greet you, On this Christmas Eve so fine. We greet you, we greet you, And wish you a good time.

They will then turn toward the tree and Flora Rochester will advance, hanging a silver star on one of the branches, meanwhile reciting a verse, the only distinguishable words of which are: "I am Faith so strong and pure . .

At the conclusion of her recitation, the star will fall off. Lillian McNulty will then step forward and hang her star on a branch, reading her lines in clear tones:

> And I am Hope, a virtue great, My gift to Christmas now I make, That children and grown-ups may hope today That tomorrow will be a merry Christmas Day.

The hanging of the third star will be consummated by Gertrude Hamingham, who will get as far as "Sweet Charity I bring to place upon the tree . . ." at which point the strain will become too great and she will forget the remainder. After several frantic glances toward the wings, from which Mrs. Drury is sending out whispered messages to the effect that the next line begins, "My message bright . . ." Gertrude will disappear, crying softly.

After the morale of the cast has been in some measure restored by the pianist, who, with great presence of mind, plays a few bars of "Will There Be Any Stars In My Crown?" to cover up Gertrude's exit, Martha Wrist will unleash a rope of silver tinsel from the foot of the tree, and, stringing



it over the boughs as she skips around in a circle, will say, with great assurance:

> Round and 'round the tree I go, Through the holly and the snow Bringing love and Christmas cheer Through the happy years to come.

At this point there will be a great commotion and the jangling of sleigh-bells off-stage, and Mr. Creamer, rather poorly disguised as Santa Claus, will emerge from the opening in the imitation fireplace. A great popular demonstra-tion for Mr. Creamer will follow. He will then advance to the footlights, and, rubbing his pillow and ducking his knees to denote joviality, will say thickly through his false beard:

Well, well, well, what have we here? A lot of bad little boys and girls who aren't going to get any Christmas presents this year? (Nervous laughter from the little boys and girls.) Let me see, let me seel I have a note here from Dr. Whidden. Let's see what it says. (Reads from a paper on which there is obviously nothing written.) 'If you and the young people of the Intermediate Department will come into the Christian Endeavor room, I think we may have a little surprise for you.

"Well, well, well! What do you suppose it can be (Cries of "I know, I know!" from sophisticated ones in the audience.) Maybe it is a bottle of castor oil! (Raucous jeers from the little boys and elaborately simulated disgust on the part of the little girls.) Well, anyway, suppose we go out and see? Now if Miss Liftnagle will oblige us with a little march

on the piano, we will all form in single file . .

At this point there will ensue a stampede toward the Christian Endeavor room, in which chairs will be broken, decorations demolished, and the protesting Mr. Creamer badly hurt.

This will bring to a close the first part of the entertain-

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THREE **STOCKINGS**

By JAN STRUTHER



HOWEVER MUCH one groaned about it beforehand. however much one hated making arrangements and doing up parcels and ordering several days' meals in advancewhen it actually happened Christmas Day was always fun.

It began in the same way every year: the handle of her bedroom door being turned just loudly enough to wake her up, but softly enough not to count as waking her up on purpose; Toby glimmering like a moth in the dark doorway, clutching a nobbly Christmas stocking in one hand and holding up his pajama trousers with the other. (He insisted upon pajamas, but he had not yet outgrown his sleeping-suit figure.

"Toby! It's only just after six. I did say not till seven."
"But, Mummy, I can't tell the time." He was barefoot and shivering, and his eyes were like stars.

'Come here and get warm, you little goat." He was into her bed in a flash, stocking and all. The tail of a clockwork dog scratched her shoulder. A few moments later another head appeared round the door, a little higher up. "Judy, darling, it's too early, honestly."

"I know, but I heard Toby come in, so I knew you must be awake.

"All right, you can come into bed, but you've got to keep quiet for a bit. Daddy's still asleep.'

And then a third head, higher up still, and Vin's voice, even deeper than it had been at Long Leave.

"I say, are the others in here? I thought I heard them." He curled himself up on the foot of his father's bed. And by that time, of course, Clem was awake too. The old transparent stratagem had worked to perfection once more: there was nothing for it but to switch on the lights, shut the windows, and admit that Christmas Day had insidiously

but definitely begun. The three right hands-Vin's strong and broad, Judy's thin and flexible, Toby's still a star-fish-plunged in and out of the three distorted stockings, until there was nothing left but the time-hallowed tangerine in the toe. (It was curious how that tradition lingered, even nowadays when children had a good supply of fruit all the year round.) Their methods were as different as their hands. Vin, with little grunts of approval, examined each object carefully as he drew it out, exploring all its possibilities before he went on to the next Judy, talking the whole time, pulled all her treasures out in a heap, took a quick glance at them and went straight' for the one she liked best-a minikin black baby in a wicker cradle.

Toby pulled all his out, too, but he arranged them in a neat pattern on the eiderdown and looked at them for a long time in complete silence. Then he picked up one of thema big glass marble with colored squirls inside-and put it by itself a little way off. After that he played with the other toys, appreciatively enough; but from time to time his eyes would stray towards the glass marble, as though to make sure it was still waiting for him.

Mrs. Miniver watched him with a mixture of delight and misgiving. It was her own favorite approach to life: but the trouble was that sometimes the marble rolled away. Judy's was safer; Vin's, on the whole, the wisest of the three.

To the banquet of real presents which was waiting downstairs, covered with a red and white dust-sheet, the stockingtoys, of course, were only an aperitif; but they had a special and exciting quality of their own. Perhaps it was the atmosphere in which they were opened-the chill, the black window-panes, the unfamiliar hour; perhaps it was the powerful charm of the miniature, of toy toys, of smallness squared; perhaps it was the sense of limitation within a strict form, which gives to both the filler and the emptier of a Christmas stocking something of the same enjoyment which is experienced by the writer and the reader of a

sonnet; or perhaps it was merely that the spell of the old legend still persisted, even though for everybody in the room except Toby the legend itself was outworn.

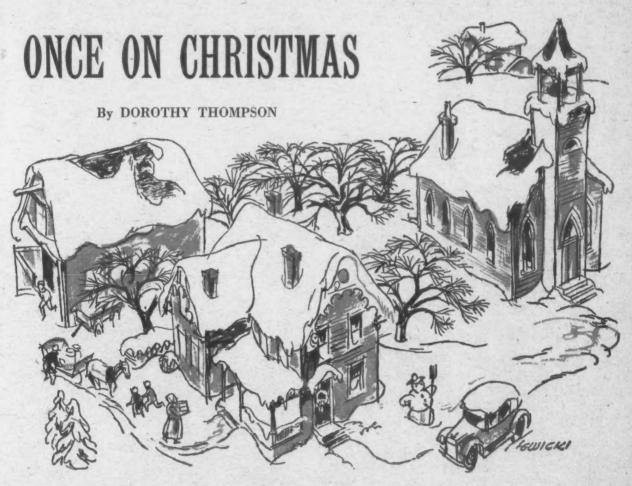
There were cross-currents of pleasure, too: smiling glances exchanged by her and Vin about the two younger children (she remembered suddenly, having been an eldest child, the unsurpassable sense of grandeur that such glances gave one); and by her and Clem, because they were both grownups; and by her and Judy, because they were both women; and by her and Toby, because they were both the kind that leaves the glass marble till the end. The room was laced with an invisible network of affectionate understanding.

This was one of the moments, thought Mrs. Miniver, which paid off at a single stroke all the accumulations on the debit side of parenthood: the morning sickness and the quite astonishing pain; the pram in the passage, the cold mulish glint in the cook's eye; the holiday nurse who had been in the best families; the pungent white mice, the shrivelled caterpillars; the plasticine on the door-handles,

the face-flannels in the bathroom, the nameless horrors down the crevices of armchairs; the alarms and emergencies, the swallowed button, the inexplicable ear ache, the ominous rash appearing on the eve of a journey; the school bills and the dentists' bills; the shortened step, the tempered pace, the emotional compromises, the divided loyalties, the adventures continually forsworn.

And now Vin was eating his tangerine, pig by pig; Judy had undressed the doll baby and was putting on its frock again back to front; Toby was turning the glass marble round and round against the light, trying to count the squirls. There were sounds of movement in the house; they were within measurable distance of the blessed chink of early morning tea. Mrs. Miniver looked towards the window. The dark sky had already paled a little in its frame of cherry-pink chintz. Eternity framed in domesticity. Never mind. One had to frame it in something, to see it at all.

From Mrs. Miniver, by Jan Struther, copyright 1940. By permission of Harcourt, Brace, & Co., Inc., publishers.



IT IS Christmas Eve—the festival that belongs to mothers and fathers and children, all over the so-called Western world. It's not a time to talk about situations, or conditions, or reactions, or people who emerge briefly into the news. My 7-year-old son asked me this evening to tell him what Christmas was like when I was a little girl, before people came home for Christmas in airplanes, 30 odd years ago.

And so I told him this:

A long, long time ago, when your mother was your age, and not nearly as tall as you, she lived with her mother, and father, and little sister, in a Methodist parsonage, in Hamburg, New York. It was a tall wooden house, with a narrow verandah on the side, edged with curlycues of woodwork at the top, and it looked across a lawn at the church

where father preached every Sunday morning and evening. In the backyard there were old Baldwin and Greening apple trees, and a wonderful, wonderful barn. But that is another story. The village now has turned into a suburb of the neighboring city of Buffalo, and fathers who work there go in and out every day on the trains and buses, but then it was just a little country town, supported by the surrounding forms.

Father preached in his main church there on Sunday morning but in the afternoons he had to drive out to the neighboring village of Armor where there was just a little box of church in the middle of the farming country. For serving both parishes, he received his house and one thousand dollars. Sometimes the crops were bad, and the farmers had no money, and when the farmers had no money the village people didn't have any either. Then the farmers would come to us with quarters of beef, or halves of pigs, or baskets of potatoes, and make what they called a donation. My mother hated the word, and sometimes would protest, but my father would laugh, and say, "Let them pay in what they can! We are all in the same boat together."

For weeks before Christmas we were very, very busy. Mother was busy in the kitchen, cutting up citron and sorting out raisins and clarifying suet for the Christmas pudding



—and shooing all of us out of the room, when we crept in to snatch a raisin, or a bit of kernel from the butternuts that my little brother was set to cracking on the woodshed floor, with an old-fashioned flat-iron.

I would lock myself into my little bedroom, to bend over a handkerchief that I was hemstitching for my mother. It is very hard to hemstitch when you are seven years old, and the thread would knot, and break, and then one would have to begin again, with a little rough place, where one had started over. I'm afraid the border of that handerchief was just one succession of knots and starts.

The homemade presents were only a tiny part of the

work! There was the Christmas tree! Mr. Heist, from my father's Armor parish, had brought it from his farm, a magnificent hemlock, that touched the ceiling. We were transported with admiration, but what a tree to trim! For there was no money to buy miles of tinsel and boxes of colored glass balls.

But in the pantry was a huge stone jar of popcorn. When school was over, in the afternoons, we all gathered in the back parlor, which was the family sitting room. The front parlor was a cold place, where portraits of John Wesley and Frances Willard hung on the walls, and their eyes, I remember, would follow a naughty child accusingly around the room. The sofas in that room were of walnut, with roses and grapes carved on their backs, just where they'd stick into your back, if you fidgeted in them, and were covered with horsehair which was slippery when it was new, and tickly when it was old. But that room was given over to visits from the local tycoons who sometimes contributed to the church funds, and couples who came to be married.

The back parlor was quite, quite different. It had an ingrain carpet on the floor, with patterns of maple leaves, and white muslin curtains at the windows, and an assortment of chairs contributed by the Parsonage Committee. A Morris chair, I remember, and some rockers, and a fascinating cabinet which was a desk and a bookcase, and a chest of drawers, and a mirror, all in one.

In this room there was a round iron stove, a very jolly stove, a cozy stove that winked at you with its red isinglass eyes. On top of this stove was a round iron plate, it was flat, and a wonderful place to pop corn. There was a great copper kettle, used for making maple syrup, and we shook the popper on the top of the stove—first I shook, until my arm was tired, and then Willard shook, until he was tired, and even the baby shook. The corn popped, and we poured it into the kettle and emptied the kettle, and poured it full again, until there was a whole barrelful of popcorn, as white and fluffy as the snow that carpeted the lawn between the parsonage and the church.

Then we each got a darning needle, a big one, and a ball of string. We strung the popcorn into long, long ropes, to hang upon the tree. But that was only half of it! There were stars to be cut out of kindergarten paper, red and green, and silver, and gold, and walnuts to be wrapped in gold paper, or painted with gold paint out of the paint-box that I had been given for my birthday. One got the paint into one's finger-nails, and it smelled like bananas. And red apples to be polished, because a shiny apple makes a brave show on a tree. And when it was all finished, it was Christ-

For Christmas Eve we all wore our best clothes. Baby in a little challis dress as blue as her eyes, and I had a new pinafore of Swiss lawn that my Aunt Margaret had sent me from England. We waited, breathless, in the front parlor while the candles were lit.

Then my mother sat at the upright piano in a rose-red cashmere dress and played, and my father sang, in his lovely, pure, gay, tenor voice:

It came upon the midnight clear That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold.

And then we all marched in. It is true that we had decorated the tree ourselves, and knew intimately everything on it, but it shone in the dark room like an angel, and I could see the angels bending down, and it was so beautiful that one could hardly bear it. We all cried, "Merry Christmas!" and kissed each other.

There were bundles under the tree, most alluring bundles! But they didn't belong to Christmas Eve. They were for the morning. Before the morning came, three little children



would sit sleepily in the pews of their father's church and hear words drowsily, and shift impatiently, and want to go to sleep in order to wake up very, very early!

And wake up early we did! The windows were still gray, and oh, how cold the room was! The church janitor had come over at dawn to stoke the hot air furnace in the parsonage, but at its best it only heated the rooms directly about it, and the upstairs depended on grates in the floor, and the theory that heat rises. We shuddered out of our beds, trembling with cold and excitement, and into our clothes, which, when I was a little girl, were very complicated affairs indeed. First, a long fleece-lined union suit, and then a ferris waist dripping with buttons, then the cambric drawers edged with embroidery, and a flannel petticoat handsome with scallops, and another petticoat of cambric and embroidery, just for show, and over that a gay plaid dress, and a dainty pinafore. What polishing of cheeks, and what brushing of hair and then a grand tumble down the stairs into the warm, cozy back parlor.

Presents! There was my beloved Miss Jam-up with a brand new head! Miss Jam-up was once a sweet little doll, dears, who had become badly battered about the face in the course of too affectionate ministrations, and here she was again, with a new head altogether and new clothes, and eyes that open and shut. Scarfs and mittens from my mother's lively fingers. A doll house made from a wooden cracker box and odds and ends of wall paper, with furniture cut from stiff cardboard—and that was mother's work, too. And a new woolen dress, and new pinafores!

Under the tree was a book: The Water Babies, by Charles Kingsley. To my beloved daughter Dorothy.

Books meant sheer magic. There were no automobiles none for Methodist ministers, in those days. No moving pictures. No radio. But inside the covers of books was everything, everything, that exists outside in the world today. Lovely, lovely words of poetry, that slipped like colored beads along a string, tales of rose-red cities, half as old as time. All that men can imagine, and construct, and make others imagine.

One couldn't read the book now. But there it lay, the promise of a perfect afternoon. Before one could get at it, one would go into the dining room, And what a dinner! This Christmas there was Turkey—with best wishes from one of my father's parishioners. And the pudding, steaming, and with two kinds of sauce. And no one to say, "No, dear, I think one helping is enough."

We glutted ourselves, we distended ourselves, we ate

ourselves into a coma, so that we all had to lie down and have a nap.

Then, lying before the stove, propped on my elbows, I opened the covers of my Christmas book.

"Once upon a time there was a little chimney sweep, and his name was Tom. He lived in a great town of the North Country . . . in England."

How well I knew that North Country, with its rows on rows of dark stone houses, its mine pits, its poor workmen. From such a town my father had come, across the ocean, to this village in up-state New York. I forgot Christmas, forgot everything, except the fate of little Tom. What a book! It wasn't just a story. There was poetry in it. The words of the poems sang in my head, so that after all these years I can remember them:

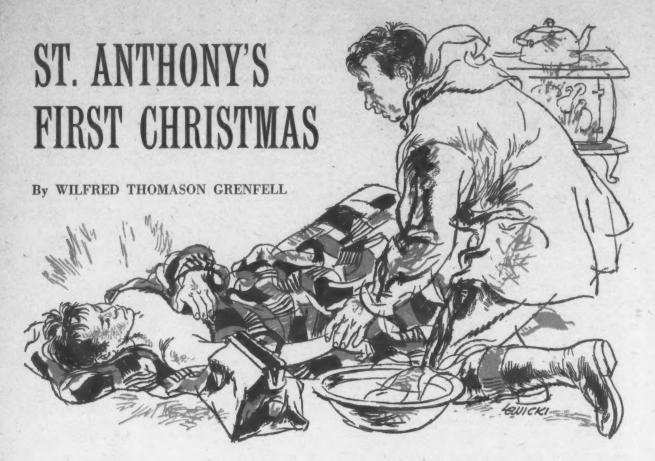
When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green; And every goose, a swan, lad, And every lass a Queen; Then hey for boot and spur, lad, And round the world away; Young blood must have its course, lad, And every dog his day.

The little girl lay and dreamed that all the world was wide and beautiful, filled only with hearts as warm and hands as tender, and spirits as generous as the only ones she had ever known . . . when she was seven years old.

I WISH YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS!
I WISH US ALL A WORLD AS KIND AS A
CHILD CAN IMAGINE IT!

*Once on Christmas, by Dorothy Thompson, Copyright 1938. By permission of Oxford University Press, New York.





A UNIVERSAL ROBE of white had long covered our countryside, hiding the last vestige of the rocky soil, and every trace of the great summer fishery. The mail steamer had paid its final visit for six months to come. The last link with civilization was broken. Even the loitering sea ducks and lesser auks had left us. The iron grip of winter lay on sea and shore.

At its best, the land here scarcely suggests the word "country" to a Southerner. The rock is everywhere close to the surface, and mosses and lichens are its chief coverings. The larger part of the country we call "barrens."

Few of the houses deserve even the name of cottages, for all are of light, rough wood. Most consist of only one story, and contain but two rooms. To the exacting taste of civilization, the word "huts" would convey a more accurate idea of these humble abodes. The settlements themselves are small and scattered and at this season of the year the empty tilts of the summer fishermen give a still more desolate aspect to these lonely habitations.

Early in December we had been dumped from the little mail steamer on the ice of St. Anthony Harbor about half a mile from shore, and hauled "on dogs" to the little hospital, where we were to make our headquarters for the winter. Christmas was close upon us. Not unnaturally, our thoughts went over the sea to the family gathering at home, at which our places would be vacant. We should miss the holly and mistletoe, the roast beef and plum pudding, the inevitable crackers, and the giving and receiving of presents, which had always seemed essential to a full enjoyment of the Christmas season.

Few of the children of our harbor had ever possessed a toy; there was scarcely a "little maid" who owned a doll. Now and again one would see, nailed high up on the wall, well out of reach of the children, a flimsy, cheaply painted doll; and the mother would explain that her "Pa got un from a trader, sir, for thirty cents. No, us don't 'low Nellie to have it, 'feared lest she might spoil un"—a fear I found to be only too well grounded when I came to examine its anatomy more closely.

Christmas trees in plenty grew near the hospital. "Father Christmas" could easily be persuaded to attend a "Tree." The only question was whether our stock of toys would justify us in inviting so many children as would want to come. It is easy to satisfy children like these, however, and so we announced that we expected Santa Claus on a certain day.

Forthwith, whispers reached us that Aunt Mary thought her Joe weren't too big to come; sure, "he'd be only 16." May White was "going 18," but she would love to come. Old Daddy Gilliam would like to sit in a corner. He'd never seen a Christmas tree, and he was "nigh on 80." We were obliged to yield, and with guilty conscience consented to twice as many as the room would hold. All through the day before the event, the Sister was busy making buns; and it was even noised abroad that a barrel of apples had been carried over to the "Room."

In the evening of the day previous, a sick-call carried me

In the evening of the day previous, a sick-call carried me north, to a tiny place on the Straits of Belle Isle, where a woman lay in great pain, and by all accounts dying. The dogs were in their best form and traveling was fair enough till we came to a huge arm of the sea, which lay right in our path and was only recently "caught over" with young ice. To reach the other shore we had to make a wide detour, bumping our way along the rough ballicaters of the old standing ice. Even here the salt water came up through the snow, and the dogs sank to their shoulders in

a cold mush that turned each mile into half a dozen. We began to think that our chance of getting back in time on

the morrow was small indeed.

One thing went a long way toward reconciling us to the disappointment. The case we had come to see proved to be one in which skilled help was of real service. So we were a contented company round the log fire in the little cottage, as we sat listening to stories from one and another of the neighbors, who, according to custom, had dropped in to see "t' Doctor." Before long my sleeping-bag was loudly calling to me after the exercise of the day. "We must be off by dawn, Uncle Phil, for there's no counting on these short days, and we have promised to see that Santa Claus is in time for the Christmas tree tomorrow night at St. Anthony," I told my driver.

Only a few minutes seemed to have passed when, "Twill be dawning shortly, Doctor," the familiar tones of my driver's voice came filtering into my sleeping-bag. "Right you are, Phil; put the kettle on and call the dogs; I will be

ready in a couple of shakes."

Oh, what a glorious morning! An absolute stillness, and the air as sweet as sugar! Everywhere there was a mantle of perfect white below, a fathomless depth of cloudless blue overhead—and the first radiances of the coming day blending one into the other with rich, transparent reds. We found it a hard job to tackle up the dogs, they were so mad to be off. As we topped the first hill and the great bay that had caused us so much trouble lay below us, my driver gave a joyous shout. "Hurrah, Doctor! there's a lead for us." Far out on the ice he had spied a black speck moving toward the opposite shore. A komatik had ventured over the young ice, and to follow it would mean a saving of five miles to us.

We made a good landing and scaled the opposite hill, and were galloping over the high barrens, when the dogs began to give tongue, loudly amouncing that a team was coming from the opposite direction. As we drew near a muffled figure jumped off, and, hauling his dogs to one side, shouted

the customary "What cheer?"

Then a surprised "The Doctor, as I livel Why, there's komatiks gone all over the country after you. A lad has shot hisself down at St. Ronald's, and he's bleeding shocking."

"All right, Jake. The turn for the path is off the big pond, is it not?"

"That's it, Doctor, but I'm coming along anyhow, 'feared I might be wanted."

My little leader must have overheard this conversation, for she simply flew over the hills. Yet the early winter dusk was already falling when at length we shot down the semi-precipice on the side of which my patient's house clung like a barnacle. The anxious crowd, gathered to await our arrival, disappeared like morning mist at sunrise. The tiny, naked room was already choked with well-meaning visitors, though they were able to do nothing but look on and deflie what little air made its way in through the fixed windows. Fortunately, for want of putty, a little air leaked in around

the panes.

Stretched on the floor behind the stove lay a pale-faced boy of about 10 years. His clothes had been taken off, and an old patchwork quilt covered his shivering body. His right thigh was bound with a heterogenous mass of bloody rags. Sitting by him was his mother, her forehead resting on her clenched hands. She rose as I entered, and without waiting for questions, broke out: "Tis Clem, Doctor. He got Dick here to give him the gun to try and shoot a gull, and there were a high ballicater of ice in the way, and he were trying to climb up over it, and he pushed the gun before him with the bar'l turned t'wards hisself, and she went off and shot him, and us doesn't know what to do next—next, and—"

While she ran on with her lament, I cleared the room of visitors, and kneeling down by the boy, removed the dirty mass of rags that had been used to staunch the blood. The charge had entered the thigh at close quarters above the knee, and passed downwards, blowing the kneecap to pieces. Most of it had passed out again. The loose fragments of bone still adhering to the ragged flesh, the bits of clothing blown into it, and the foul smell and discoloration added by the gunpowder made the outlook a very ugly one. Moreover, there rose to my mind the memory of a similar case in which we had come too late, as blood poisoning had set in, and the child died after much suffering.

The mother had by this time quieted down, and simply

kept on repeating, "What shall us do?"

"There's only one thing to be done. We must pack Clem up and carry him to the hospital right away."

"Iss, Doctor. Tis the only way, I'm thinking," she replied.
"An' I suppose you'll cut off his leg, and he'll never walk

no more, and oh, dear! what-"

"Come, tear up this calico into strips and bring me some boiling water—mind, it must be well boiled; and get me that board over there—it will serve to make a splint; and then go and tell Dick to get the dogs ready at once; for we've a Christmas tree at St. Anthony tonight, and I must be back at all costs."

In this way we kept her too busy to worry or hesitate about letting the child go; for we well knew it was his only chance, and as she had never seen a hospital, the idea of

one was as terrifying as a morgue.

"Home, home, home!" to the dogs—and once again our steel runners were humming over the crisp snow. Now in the darkness we were clinging to our hand-ropes as we shot over the hills. Soon the hospital lights were coming up, and then the lights in the windows of the "Room." As we drew near they looked so numerous and so cheerful that we could almost imagine we were approaching a town. Then we could hear the merry ring of the children's voices, and make out a crowd of figures gathered around the half-open doorway. They were anxiously awaiting the tardy arrival of "Sandy Claws." Of course, we were at once recognized, and there was a general hush of disappointment. They had thought that at last "Sandy" himself was come.

They had thought that at last "Sandy" himself was come.

"He is only a bit behind us," we shouted. "He is coming like a whirlwind. Look out, everybody, when he gets here.

Don't get too close to his dogs." (Continued next page)



Only a little while later, and the barking of our team announced the approach of the other komatik. Some one was calling from the darkness, and a long sleigh with a double-banked team of dogs had drawn up opposite the doorway. Two fur-clad figures standing by it steadied a huge box which was lashed upon it. The light shining on the men revealed only sparkling eyes and large icicles hanging from their heavy mustaches and whiskers, over their mufflers, like the ivory tasks of some old bull walrus.

Both men were panting with exertion, and blowing out great clouds of steam like galloping horses on a frosty morning. There could be no doubt about it this time. Here was the real "Sandy Claws" at last, come mysteriously over the snows from the polar sea with his dogs and komatik and

big box and all!

The excitement of the crowd, already tense from anxiety over our own delay, now knew no bounds. Where had they come from? What could be in that huge box? How large it loomed in the darkness! Could it have really been dragged all the way from the North Pole? Luckily, no one had the courage left to go near enough to discover the truth.

The hospital door was swung open, and a loud voice cried out: "Welcome, welcome, Sandy Claws! We're all so glad you've come; we thought you'd forgotten us. Come right in. Oh, no! don't think of undoing the box outside; why, you'd freeze all those toys! Just unlash it and bring it right in as it is. There's a cup of tea waiting for you before you go over to start your tree."

There had been rumors all the week that "Sandy Claws" would bring his wife this year. So we could explain the second man; for the Eskimo men and women all dress alike in North Labrador, which would account for Mrs. Claws' strange taste in clothes. A discreet silence was observed

about her frozen whiskers.

A few minutes later another large box was carried over to the "Room." It was full of emptiness, for the toys were on the tree long before. However, two strange masked and bewigged figures stumbled over the snow with it, to carry out the little drama to its close. So complete was the faith in the unearthly origin of these our guests, that when the curtain went up more than one voice was heard to be calling our fearfully for "Ma" and "Dad," while a lad of several summers was found hidden under the seat, when it came his turn to go up and get his "prize."



Christmas has gone long ago. Already we have heard the ominous groaning of the heavy ice along the land-wash, warning us that the season of open water is getting nearer, and that soon our icy fetters will be broken. "Clem" has gone to his home again. He is able to run and walk like the merry lad he is, for not only his life, but his limb also, has been saved to him. Thus Santa Claus came to St. Anthony and brought a gift for us as well as presents for the children. Indeed, he kept the best for us, for our Christmas gift was the chance to save Clem's life and we would not have exchanged it for any we had ever heard of.

From Northern Neighbors, Stories of the Labrador People, by Wilfred Grenfell; copyright 1923; by permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers.



(Continued from page 32)

some earnestness to things that are not material. They have developed resources neglected in softer times. There is not the slightest doubt that millions of men and women survey with gratitude new domes and towers that fill their mental and spiritual skylines."

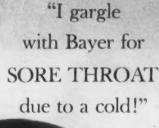
It is not security that develops the human spirit, but danger. Not in hours of placidity do men build the greatest cathedral or paint the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel or write a constitution in Independence Hall. Change is a phase of progress; decay is a prerequisite of growth. If prosperity means only houses and automobiles and refrigerators and no life that transcends them all, then may that blight never return.

We have the right to believe that an eternal purpose runs through life and history and that at last it will not be defeated. All evidence supports that. Empires rise and fall, civilizations wither and die, but some residue of spiritual values is passed on. Of course, if that is true, if God's purpose should be to build in this world a civilization based on the justice of love, then the society built without reference to those spiritual principles must be shaken. We can't have it one way and not the other. If the universe means good and means it intensely, then there must be a day when evil is called to a reckoning. The flame that will warm is also the flame that will destroy.

Two things we must do with the mighty purpose of God as we recognize it and believe in it if we are to be undaunted. First, we must learn to wait. We have no right presumptuously to demand that the millennium come in our day; we have no right to say to the dawn, "Be sudden," or the spring, "Be soon." High moral values are hidden in the experience of waiting. Faith is the "evidence of things hoped for."

Creative leaders have known how to win their souls in patience. For patience is love waiting. Francis Bacon calmly wrote into his will the patience that waited the judgment of history. He says, "I leave my name and memory to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages." And Kepler, the scientist, cried with splendid scorn, "I can wait a century for a reader since God waited a milliou years for a discoverer." This feverish, reckless haste of ours is not faith; we must learn to transcend the impulse that demands that the whole scroll be unrolled now.

But we must not stand apart from the stream of purpose, shivering upon its banks. We must plunge right in. The meaning of life for us is to become a part of the purpose; to let peace and justice and love find expression in our souls. Civilizations do pass on the flaming torch of spiritual values. But that is (Continued on page 61) "I take Bayer for the headachy feeling of HOUSEWORK FATIGUE!"







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Daily Meditations

Thursday, December 1

READ: HEBREWS 6:12

A beautiful expression of life in the hands of God was made in the midst of severe illness by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, the novelist. She wrote to a friend, "Now added to everything else, I cannot breathe unless lying down, my lungs collapse. Yet I can't drink my liquid food unless sitting up. Life is a queer tangle. Yet it is beautiful to me, and there is joy in knowing I am in the hand of God." That is the high joy of trust in God for all of life.

May we trust in Thee, O God, at all times and not be afraid. Amen.

Friday, December 2

READ: MATTHEW 16:15

Give a thought, and a prayer, today to the world-wide mission of the Church. A poet has written of a feeling many of us have often had. He wrote that he never sees a map without wanting to travel. He wants to go into all the places that say "unknown." There is always fascination about a map. A map ought to have a special fascination for a Christian. Trace in your imagination and prayer, all the "far-away places with strange-sounding names" into which the Gospel of Christ must be carried.

May we respond to the call to go and send to teach all nations. Amen.

Saturday, December 3

READ: PSALM 112:7

It is often said that Americans are in love with gadgets. A gadget is "a mechanical contrivance or device; any ingenious article." Our age is full of them. But we cannot find true happiness or fullness of life in any gadget. J. B. Priestley wrote, "We cannot get grace from gadgets. A man may be as unhappy in the spun glass trousers of the future as he is in worsted ones."

No such mechanical contrivance can fulfill the needs of the soul. That need is met by God.

Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God. Keep our hearts restless until we find rest in Thee. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Sunday, December 4

READ: PSALM 27:4, 5

We often hear the expression, "private worlds." When a person, mentally ill, is out of touch with reality he is said to live in a "private world." There are two other private worlds which people can live in—one is bad. It is bad when a person acts as though the world is his private affair, as though he had no duties to perform, no responsibilities. There is another kind of private world—where the soul finds refuge with God. That is life's richest blessing.

In the time of trouble, O God, hide me in Thy pavilion. In Jesus' name.

Monday, December 5

READ: MARK 8:18

Elizabeth Peabody, the founder of the kindergarten in America, once ran into a tree in the Boston Common. When asked how it happened, she said, "I saw it but I did not realize it."

How often we can say that about things! We see the consequences of evil but very often we don't realize them clearly enough to keep us from evil-doing. We often see the thing we should do and the way we should be, but we do not realize it sharply enough to do it.

Help us, O God, to realize clearly Thy will for us and give us the dedication to follow it. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Tuesday, December 6

READ: I PETER 4:10

A minister once preached a sermon on "What I'd do if I had a million a

year." Everyone enjoyed it because it did not apply to anyone, A minister friend said to him, "Here is another subject to preach on: What I would do with \$7,000 a year.'" The friend knew that \$7,000 was the salary the minister received. That was a tough subject! It is a lot easier to talk about what you would do with a million dollars than about what you would do with the amount of money you have. But that is what really counts.

We thank Thee, O God, for all the gifts which Thou hast brought to us. May we be good stewards. Amen.

Wednesday, December 7

READ: LUKE 22:32

Here is an impressive action of intercessory prayer. When "Dick" Shepherd resigned as Dean of Canterbury Cathedral, as he was packing up he said to a friend, "You must go now. I need to be alone." Then he engaged in prayer for the next occupant. It was a practice of his to pray always for the person who succeeded him in a home or post.

It was a beautiful practice and may suggest to us people to pray for. Pray for the person who follows you in any responsibility. Pray for people you know who are in difficult days.

May we daily lift our hearts to Thee, O God, for those we know who are in any kind of need, In Jesus' name.

Thursday, December 8

READ: I PETER 1:24, 25

The measure of the greatness of a book is its *staying power*. As one reader has said, "A truly great book is one for all ages." We return to *Huckleberry Finn*, to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* with all the affection we experienced at first meeting. What a thrilling thing to say of the Bible, as we return to reading it again and again. It has

staying power. It speaks to childhood and youth and mature life. We return to it with joy.

Help us, O God, so to treasure the Bible that we may find it a blessing in every stage of life. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Friday, December 9

READ: I PETER 4:11

It was said of a fine Shakespearean actor, that he "set out to rescue Shakespeare from his pedestal and from the library and classroom.'

We often need to rescue an infinitely greater One than Shakespeare. That is Jesus. People often put Jesus on a pedestal, a name to worship and look up to, but not the Friend of all men. Not the One who comes into our life as the companion of all that we do and the Friend and Guide of every day,

May we remember, O God, that we may live in the power of the Son of God. In His name, Amen.

Saturday, December 10

READ: I CORINTHIANS 15:22

A small boy was watching his mother put some raisins into the rice pudding. He finally asked his mother, "What were raisins when they were alive?' They certainly don't look alive. The boy would never guess that raisins had been grapes.

In like manner, it might be asked of some Christians, "What were these Christians when they were alive?" In some cases the very life of the Christian, its joy, its power, its dedication seems to have evaporated.

Help us, O God, to be able to say that the life that we now live we live in the power of the Son of God. In His name, Amen.

Sunday, December 11

READ: I CORINTHIANS 4:20

At the beginning of the long play by Thomas Hardy, *The Dynasts*, there is a note stating, "intended for mental performance only." The play is too long for any other kind of a performance. Some people seem to take the attitude that the Christian religion is "intended for mental performance only." They do not try to give it a real performance in actual life. But our faith is given to us for actual performance in deed.

May our discipleship be not in word only, O God, but in deed. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Monday, December 12

READ: LUKE 17:5

We hear a great deal in these days about "deficiency diseases." They are

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Esther S. Buckwalter

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the ills caused by the lack of something essential to good health. People with "deficiency diseases" have a deficiency of something they need. This is overcome by a specialized diet, by vitamins or drugs. In the Christian life there is often a "deficiency disease." There is often a deficiency of faith, or of hope or of love. We need a large supply of these if we are to meet life triumphantly.

Of Thy fullness, O God, may we all receive. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Tuesday, December 13

READ: ISAIAH 26:3

The poet laureate of England, John Masefield, tells in his autobiography of his practice of attaining tranquility before going to sleep. He began the practice when he was a sailor. He said he would put something strong and beautiful into his mind, then repeat Scripture and other poetry he had learned and sing, mentally, a few hymns. He says that usually this brought tranquility and peace and made him "master of the day" the next day. A good practice for everyone.

May we be kept in perfect peace because our minds are stayed on Thee. For Jesus' sake, Amen.

Wednesday, December 14

READ: PSALM 121

Here is an earnest word about the emptiness of Sunday without worship. It was written over 100 years ago by Charles Lamb, the essayist. "Prolong breakfast because on Sunday, what can you do till dinner? You cannot go to the beach for the rain is drowning the sea. You cannot go to the library for it is shut. O, it is worthwhile to cultivate piety to the gods, to have something to fill the heart with on a Sunday." That last sentence is far more true than Lamb realized. There is the joy and wonder of worship, not just to fill in the time, but to fill the whole soul with communion with God.

May we always lift up our hearts unto Thee, O God, whence comes our strength. Amen.

Thursday, December 15

READ: PSALM 46:7

When John Gunther was writing his book, *Inside U.S.A.*, he interviewed many people. He had one question which he asked over and over again: "Exactly what do you believe in most?" It was a surprising question and made many men think as they had never thought before.

May we ask ourselves honestly and frankly the question, "What is it that you really care for most?"

Help us so to live, O God, that we may truly care more for Thee than for anything else. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Friday, December 16

READ: REVELATION 2:10

When we read that Judas betrayed his Lord for thirty pieces of silver we usually think of it as some large sum. Historians have declared that the actual value of the thirty pieces of silver was \$18.60. Think of betraying Christ for such a small sum, \$18.60. Now think of ourselves. If we betray Christ by failing to follow Him, what do we do it for? Often it is for something very small, such as "keeping up with" our neighbors, grasping at financial gain, or a position.

In the midst of every temptation, may we hear Jesus' words, "Follow me." Amen.

Saturday, December 17

READ: II CORINTHIANS 3:5, 6

Here is a stirring word about the core of our Christian Gospel, that it is not good advice but good news. Dorothy Sayers, the writer of detective stories and also religious books writes, "a kind of pageant of sentiments and pale emotions has been substituted for the drama that is the Christianity and the dogma is the drama." The Christian Gospel is not, "Please be good," but the good news that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself."

Help us each, O God, to receive into our lives the gift of Christ as Saviour. For His sake, Amen.

Sunday, December 18

READ: JOHN 8:31

Someone has compared a flying fish to religious experience. He says that fish live in the sea, but once in a while they jump in the air and glisten for an instant in the sun, only to fall back in the sea again. To many people, religion is such a brief, occasional affair. It glistens for a short time, and then is forgotten, or at least does not play a major part in life. The Christian religion should be for each of us a lifelong affair, bringing commitment to Christ and the joy of the Lord and strength for every day.

May we continue in Thy word and be Thy disciples indeed. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Monday, December 19

READ: PSALM 73:22

Think for a moment of the word in our Scripture selection for today, A confession to God, "I was as a beast before Thee." We think of that word beast as being something depraved or violent or bloodthirsty. It need not mean this kind of a beast. It may mean a beast in the sense that a beast is limited to the five senses.

When we do not extend to our relation to God the higher "senses" such as devotion and care, thought and prayer, we become as beasts, limited to the bestial senses.

May we put all our powers of soul and mind into Thy service, O God.

Tuesday, December 20

READ: IOHN 11:9

Did you ever hear of a "baptized watch"? A woman who was baptized by immersion always said that she had a baptized watch, because when she was baptized she was wearing a wrist watch, and without realizing it, the watch went into the water with her. So the watch was baptized!

There is an imaginative sense in which we can speak of a "baptized watch." It is when we devote our time, our minutes and hours and days and years, to the service of God. Our watches, representative of time, should be put into God's hands for His use.

Take, O God, our minutes and our hours and days, into Thy keeping and use. For Jesus' sake, Amen.

Wednesday, December 21

READ: ISAIAH 55:1

A beautiful description has been made of a river and its unfailing sources. Dick Shepherd of England wrote, "The stream of unceasing refreshment, of lifegiving strength depended for its own powers on deep hidden springs, on renewal from the melted snows of distant heights."

Such a river was always full of water. The words apply to the life of the soul as well. We depend for our spiritual welfare on deep springs, springing up into everlasting life, on our renewal from the distant heights of God's life.

May our lives be restored in Thy spirit, O God. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Thursday, December 22

READ: LUKE 2:7

One of the great sermons of Phillips Brooks dealt with the Christmas season which we are now enjoying. Preaching on the text, "No room in the inn," he raised the question, "Who were in the inn that there was no room for Jesus?" He discussed the important officials, the traders, the rich, who crowded out Mary and Joseph and Jesus. This is a good question to ask ourselves. Do we have room for Jesus in our hearts and minds? If we do not have as much room as we ought to have, what is it in our lives that keeps Jesus from having room?



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O God, we want to have room in our hearts for Jesus. In His name, Amen.

Friday, December 23

READ: LUKE 2:32

In these days before Christmas we think of Christ's coming to the world and the world's present need of Him. Christ is not a convenience to the world; He is a necessity. Bishop William F. McDonell of the Methodist Church, on a trip to the Orient, got angry at the many tourists who criticized foreign mission and said the non-Christian peoples were getting along pretty well. With intense feeling he declared, "Nobody is getting along pretty well without Jesus Christ." A good thing to remember at Christmas.

Grant, O God, that in our needy world Christ may increase. Amen.

Saturday, December 24

READ: LUKE 2:15

Tonight on Christmas Eve we celebrate the coming of Christ into the world. That means, as the Christmas hymn declares, "Joy to the World!" But a good question for Christmas Eve is, "Has Christ come fully into my world?" This world in which we live, our world, our family, our friends, our joys and sorrows. Have we opened the door to our particular world and let Christ come into all of us? He stands at the door and knocks. Open the door wide this Christmas.

May we unbar our hearts and give to our Saviour the right to occupy our whole life. In His name, Amen.

Sunday, December 25

READ: LUKE 2:9-12

While shepherds watched their flocks by night all seated on the ground, the song of angels was heard from the sky. The first words of the announcement of the birth of Christ were "Fear not!" The coming of Christ was to free men from fear.

We live in a world of many fears. The fear of disaster lurks about us. We have fears and anxieties in our own lives. In the gift of Christ, God says to us today, "Fear not." In the God of love revealed in Christ, we have reliance.

We bless Thee, O God, for this blessed day of Christmas. May it bring to us the joy of the Lord, and trust instead of fear. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Monday, December 26

READ: MATTHEW 2:11, 12

What should come in the days after Christmas? Do they have to be a sort of anti-climax? Can there be anything after Christmas except exchanging presents and paying bills? Recall that in the stories of the first Christmas, the return from Christmas is given full mention. The shepherds went back to their work, "glorifying and praising God." (Luke 2:20). The wise men "returned to their own country by another way." We too can return from Christmas with joy, by a new way of forgiveness, of fellowship and power.

May we follow Christ in all the days to come. Amen,

Tuesday, December 27

READ: LUKE 18:1

In most cities there is a telephone number which people can call to get the exact time. This enables a person to bring his life into a fresh adjustment to the sun. In that, there is a picture of what prayer does. An earnest prayer can bring a person's life into a new and true adjustment to God.

Lord, teach us to pray, that we may make Thy will our will. Amen.

Wednesday, December 28

READ: EPHESIANS 4:15

There comes a time, says a wise counselor, when the development of ourselves, which is the essence of self-ishness, gives way to the urge to grow beyond the limits of one's own skin, whether in the creation of a family or the building of a good society. Some people never grow beyond the limits of their own skin. Growth in Christ is growth in sharing His love and concern for all the family of God.

May we grow up into Christ-that we may bring reminder of Him into our actions. In His name, Amen.

Thursday, December 29

READ: HEBREWS 12:1

Have you ever watched an inchworm make its way, slowly but steadily, on the branch of a tree or the railing of a porch? He first lifts his head and looks around, then he gives a little thrust forward, and then draws up the rest of his body to consolidate his position. The inch-worm is slow but he makes sure progress. He is a good symbol of the Church. The Church and good causes do not often make progress by a gallant "charge of the light brigade." They move more like a persistent inchworm!

May we have patience to continue in doing Thy will, O God. Amen.

Friday, December 30

READ: HEBREWS 8:5

Here is a stirring word about asserting our personal choice in our thought and action. Robert Louis Stevenson



Glorious Night of Nights...except for men who hide from God!

THIS holy Christmas Eve, we Christians will lay down our heads in thankfulness for the Birth of the Savior. Silent Night. Holy Night...

But there will be no saving joy—no Christmas at all—for the forgotten men of the Bowery. In the icy, snow-swept streets, the Bowery's desolate men will hide from the compassionate Eye of God. Christmas is the most *inglorious* day of their year because they remember so well the good days of family, children, jobs and community respect.

Oh, they remember God, too — and the meaning of the precious Birth of the Master. While winter chills their bones, they remember the warmth of family prayer, of bowing their heads in thanksgiving, too, on Christmas Eve. While hunger gnaws at their vitals, they remember good food at Christmas diner; while the wind whips their rags they can remember the warm clothing of other times.

How do we know this? Because they tell us, here at the Bowery Mission, when they finally come to us...so many of them at Christmastime. In these hours of joy, we gather in so many souls for Christ; it is a time when we worder anew at the miracle of the "return to the fold" by those who have hidden themselves from God.

We hope this Christmas will be our most successful year. We must keep our doors

open — have warm food ready to feed the great numbers who will come to us — have medical help ready to treat the bodies of those who come wracked with pain. We must have many beds ready for the weary who come in for their first real sleep in months — on the Night of Nights.

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wrote, "To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying 'Amen' to what the world tells us you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive." This is a great word to remember when the pressure to conform to the world's pattern of living is so strong. May we say, no matter what others tell us to say, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

In every choice, may we choose the way of acting that befits the followers of Christ. Amen,

Saturday, December 31

READ: II CORINTHIANS 5:17

As we come to New Year's Eve, and think of the year that is opening on the morrow, may we put into our minds and hearts words that have been familiar to us practically all our lives. They are the words of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

The year is dying in the night Ring out, wild bells— And let him die.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand! Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be!

In the New Year may there be a new place for Christ in our lives, Amen,

The Lights Went Out (Continued from page 20)

electric motor. All of us had been snapping at each other all day. The holiday spirit was sadly lacking.

Suddenly the lights flickered, brightened, then died completely. I heard little startled screams from the girl's room, excited squeaks from the den. Dad came in the back door with a flashlight, thinking he had blown a fuse. A glance outside, however, showed the whole neighborhood, even the street lights, dark. Somewhere a power line had been blown down.

I lit the mammoth candle on the mantle that up till now had been simply a part of the decorations. We looked for another, but it was the only one in the house. Though we were warm enough—the gas heaters were burning—the house seemed cold and unfriendly in the dark, so we built a fire in the fireplace and the family congregated there. The boys dug out a forgotten checker set and played by the firelight, strangely subdued and polite with each other. The girls were the ones who remembered the old popcorn popper that we take on beach parties, and soon the room was full of the smell of popping corn.

We were beginning to enjoy the



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unusual situation, when we heard a knock on the door-unusual in itself, for we were used to the doorbell. Old Mr. Jackson, from next door, had come to see if he could borrow a candle.

'We had one," he said, "but it is about to burn out, and Anna would like

to finish her dishes.

I hated to tell him we didn't have one. I thought how cheerless their little house must be, without a fire-

place, without children.

I lent him the flashlight instead, and impulsively asked, "Why don't you and Anna come over here when the dishes are done?" I knew the children were probably making faces at me behind my back. Both the Jacksons were garrulous old people.

"We'd enjoy that!" he answered en-thusiastically. "It certainly looks like you're having a good time." He hesitated at the door, looked back. "Say, I don't like to impose, but it would be all right, wouldn't it, if I asked Mrs. Lake to come over, too? I was just thinking about bringing her over to our place. She's probably nervous.

"Of course. I should have thought of that myself," I answered. No problem there. Everyone loved Mrs. Lake, the retired librarian down the street.

When the old folks came, there was a general shifting of positions to make them comfortable. For a minute or two there was an awkward silence. Then Mr. Jackson rushed to fill it.

This reminds me of Christmas when I was a kid! Candles, not lights on the tree. We used to trim our tree with popcorn, you know. I remember my sisters used to pop it just the way you're doing it, over the fire." And he was off on one of his stories.

But tonight it filled a gap and we enjoyed it-perhaps because there was no sense of hurry, nothing else to do but listen. Mrs. Jackson added some reminiscences of her own. Mrs. Lake quoted passages from some of the famous old Christmas stories.

The talk drifted into singing, the beloved carols that everyone knew. We learned for the first time that Mr. Jackson played the piano. "Only by ear," he apologized, but by ear was the right way when there was not enough light to read music anyway.

When our friends were ready to leave, the wind was still blowing strongly. I used tumblers to make burricane lanterns for them. Sitting in front of the fire, I carved the big candle into small pieces and fitted one into each glass. Our guests went cheerily on their way.

There were two extra pieces of candle, and I made lanterns for the children to take up to their rooms. Just as I finished, the lights came on again.

They seemed too bright and garish. (Continued on page 73)





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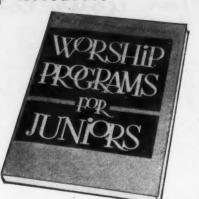
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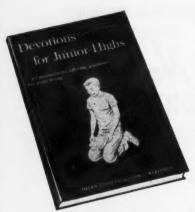
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Reviewed by DANIEL A. POLING RUTH M. ELMQUIST

PRINCE PHILIP, A Family Portrait by Alexandra, Queen of Yugoslavia (Bobbs-Merrill, N.Y., 256 pp., illus., \$5).

When future historians interpret and evaluate the events of our age, its rulers and people in both high and low places, undoubtedly they will reveal the effective and lengthening shadow of Prince Philip, consort of Queen Elizabeth of England. But it is for us here and now to read this delightfully informative and personal biography, written by Philip's cousin.

When Philip married Elizabeth he made it clear that though he would respectfully walk "behind," he would be head of his family, mold his private life, his personality and his future and make a definite contribution to his generation. He has done so with an independence born of a democratic attitude and ideal, yet at the same time respectful of his country's best traditions. His courage, drive, youthfulness, wit and democratic spirit have com-plemented and enhanced Elizabeth's own intellect and charming personality. Had he not married Elizabeth he might well have had a successful career in the British Navy, or as a scientist-a field in which he has maintained a special interest.

That he has not submerged his personality as did Albert with Victoria, speaks for the personal strength of this man. He has brought to his family the warmth and tolerance of many broadminded idealssuch as the unprecedented education of his son in school rather than by private tutor-and to his country, the modernization of the monarchy.

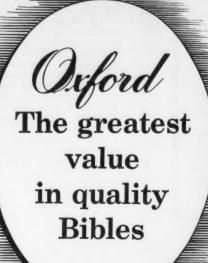
This volume is a fascinating portrait of a many-sided man and his contribution of mind and spirit and intellect to his family, his people, his generation, his world. (A Family Bookshelf Selection.)-R.M.E.

THE ROYAL ROUTE TO HEAVEN, by Alan Redpath (Revell, Westwood, N.J., 248 pp., \$3.50).

This stimulating volume contains 34 chapters crowded with editorial material that make quickly available to clergymen and to Bible students generally, the inexhaustible material found in First Corinthians. Contents represent the theme of messages preached from the pulpit at Moody Church.—D.A.P.

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THE CHORD OF STEEL, by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday, N.Y., \$3.95).

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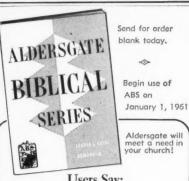
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Reviewed by GEOFFREY O'HARA Religious récords

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Another novelty is Karen and Her Marimba, privately distributed by young Karen Perry herself. Favorites such as Face to Face, I Would Draw Nearer to Jesus, Softly and Tenderly, Day Is Dying, It Took a Miracle.

Patsy Cowen, another youthful performer, presents tasteful organ stylings of hymns on Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us (Diadem, DLP 123), Stranger of Galilee, Jesus Loves Even Me, Battle Hymn, Blessed Redeemer, Church in the Wildwood, and others.

Sacred's young organist is Mark Davidson (Young Man's Fancy, LP 3001), who provides a pleasing modernistic program infusing the hymns with a spriteful feeling of joyousness plus military quick-step. Wonderful Grace of Jesus, Revive Us Again, Soldiers of Immanuel, O Happy Day, In My Heart There Rings a Melody, Assurance March, Battle Hymn.

Tedd Smith plays 25 All-Time Sacred Favorites on the piano, Hammond organ and celesta for RCA Victor (LPM 2007). Often the variation takes over the hymn so that it ceases to be a hymn but is not quite a sonata. Includes Evening Prayer, Ninety and Nine, Saviour Like a Shepherd, My Jesus I Love Thee, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms, Fairest Lord Jesus, In the Garden, Great Is Thy Faithfulness.

For dramatic vocal renditions of spirituals (Joshua Fit de Battle of Jericho,

Soon-a Will Be Done, Roll Jordan Roll, Jesus Walked this Lonesome Valley) and such hymns as No Not One, The Lord's Prayer, My Dream of the Savior, hear Jimmie McDonald (Diadem, DLP 120). Jimmie's style, perfect for large auditoriums, loses nothing in recording.

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We have a couple of good quartets this month that have not been caught up with "the beat." Calvarymen, from Sacred (LP 3002) has the usual perfect blend, good enunciation and style. With My Saviour Through the Shadows, Jesus Is Always There, A New Name in Glory, Stand Up for Jesus, Follow Me, A Little Talk with Jesus, Teach Me to Pray. Diadem presents The Rock of Ages Quartet (DLP 109) with their impeccable vocal (not percussion) style. Rock of Ages, In the Sweet By and By, Satisfied, He the Pearly Gates Will Open, Each Step I Take, Rock-a My Soul, The Home over There, He Will Hide Me, He's the One.

In time for Christmas: God's Gift to the World (Diadem, DLP 124) presents a variety of artists and groups in Carol of the Drums, God's Greatest Gift, Go Tell It On the Mountain, No Room in the Inn, Christmas Christmas, A Wonderful Guest, Who Is He on Yonder Hill? Sweet Little Jesus Boy. Carols for Christmas (Columbia ML 5565) features the beloved Metropolitan Opera soprano Eileen Farrell with orchestra and chorus. What Child Is This? Lullay My Liking, Snow in the Street, Sleep Holy Babe, Coventry Carol, Song of the Crib, besides the usual ones. In The Holly and the Ivy (Columbia, ML5592) the Mormon Tabernacle Choir sings such varied favorites as Deck the Hall, Hark Now O Shepherds, The First Noel, When Jesus Was a Little Child, Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence, Hodie Christus Natus Est, Good King Wenceslas.

December in the Soul (Continued from page 45)

not just because some great remembered men lived for these values. Socrates would be unknown if many had not loved the truth; Jeremiah and Isaiah are remembered and their creative power still molds history because "the remnant" was there ready to respond to their truth and to follow.

This our resolution! "In my day I shall be one of the saving remnant. If cruelty is in the world, gentleness shall find its full flower in my heart; when hatred becomes men's virtue, then love shall have new springtime in my soul; when careless injustice is the portion of millions of my brethren, I will so live that in every act and word of mine justice shall find a friend; in a world of grief I will not add one drop to the sea of human suffering. Alone, hoping in God for help, I will rear my single soul a frail barrier against the storming tides of the world's evil and woe. And I will trust that God's strength will find its perfection in my weakness. If I win or lose, no matter. I am called to faithfulness, not success. The issues are in God's hands.

There is a second way in which we can face our Decembers undaunted. In part it is implied in what I have said. It is a mistake to hold a perplexity or a sorrow or disappointment at arm's length. We must take our Decembers to our hearts. We must see tragedy and uncertainty as an essential part of the stuff of life and explore them for their inmost values. It is vain to wait for the storm to pass, for other storms will come; our part is to plunge right into the heart of the many thousand mists in search of life's joys and fadeless beauties.

letters, "I, Paul, the prisoner of the Lord." I like to think of Paul penning those words. He was in Rome. Perhaps a sentry stood at the door of his home; it may well be that he was chained to the arm of a guard; to all men it was evident that this little Jew was the prisoner of Nero. But with the imperial dignity of a soul that touches on other shores than these, he wrote, "I, Paul, the prisoner of the Lord. He took December to his heart, and he was undaunted.

and portentous days. What shall we do? We shall say, "Come, uncertainty, since I must live with you, be thou the close companion of my soul and thou shalt teach me a trust which without thee I could never know." Some of the greatest souls the world has ever known explored the secret heart of December and found it a hiding place of God re-

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(Continued from page 61) fined in the fire, Think of Jesus with His Calvary! He feared not, and instead

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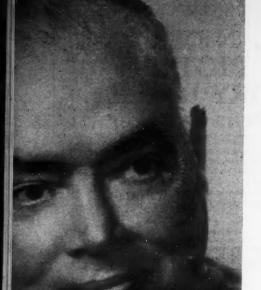
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CHURCH PARTICIPATION

YES

By GLENN H. ASQUITH

DR. ASQUITH has served as pastor of American Baptist churches in five states over a period of 25 years, with one 5-year intermission when he was executive secretary of the New York State Baptist Convention. He is presently executive of the Philadelphia Baptist City Society. In 1955 he received an award from The Freedoms Foundation for an article which appeared in Christian Herald; his most recent article was "What Happens at Weddings" in the June issue. His book of meditations for older readers, "Lively May I Walk" (Abingdon) was published recently.

Should SANTA CLAUS

HORRIBLE DREAM has scared me out of my wits! A In the dream I had walked to my church on the Thursday evening before Christmas Sunday. There was snow on the ground with more falling gently and silently. The stars shone above me with lovely brilliance. As I neared the house of God I heard the old familiar carols sounding from the bell tower. With a glad heart and quick steps I made my way to the Church School assembly room to sit among the wideeyed and expectant children. After a period of enthusiastic singing and quiet devotions, the "time" had come. Instead of the off-stage clatter and jingle and the tumultuous rush of a red-clad figure burdened with a huge bag, the dignified superintendent of the school came to the platform and made a nice little speech to the boys and girls. He told them that the treasurer had allowed a certain amount of money to each teacher to buy gifts for the pupils and that it was his great pleasure to be the one to present them if the classes would come forward in order. After a moment of silence, a primary boy asked, "Please, sir, isn't Santa Claus coming?"

It was at this point that the dream became so harsh, for the answer was, "Santa Claus is not allowed to come into this church." While some youngsters dutifully lined up to receive the uniformly wrapped packages, many children with tears coursing down their cheeks gathered up their coats and went home.

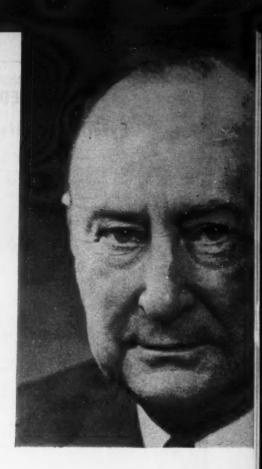
As regards my church, this is just a bad dream from which I awakened, but I understand that in some churches good old Saint Nicholas has been told that church is off-limits as far as he is concerned. The jolly old fellow is considered the dire personification of a myth of doubtful origin, an unfair rival of the Manger Babe, a distraction from the real meaning of Christmas, and a pedagogical monstrosity. Is it possible that I and hundreds of other clergymen and thousands of dedicated laymen have been wrong these many years?

Out of my experience as a denominational state executive visiting 600 churches, as a city executive watching over 120 churches and as a pastor of five churches, I search my memory in vain to find one single instance of a young person whose spirituality was retarded by the appearance of Santa Claus in church. I can remember a number of cases where a boy or girl was having difficulties because of parents or teachers who were "strait-laced" and narrow and joyless in the expression of their Christian faith and example. In my appearances in juvenile court I have yet to hear Santa Claus mentioned as a contributing (Continued on page 66)

NO

By JAMES DeFOREST MURCH

DR. MURCH has served as pastor and director of Christian education in Christian churches (Disciples), and as professor of Christian education at Cincinnati Bible Seminary of which he was co-founder and first president. He is author of "Christian Education in the Local Church" (Standard), a textbook widely used in Christian colleges and seminaries. Presently managing editor of "Christianity Today," he has served as editor of "United Evangelical Action" and editor of "The Lookout." His most recent article in Christian Herald was "How High Shall We Build the Wall of Separation?" Oct. 1957.



come to CHURCH?

LET it not be said that I am out to shoot Santa Claus! That would rob millions of children of carloads of holiday fun. Santa Claus has his place. My only point is that his place is not in church.

Religion has its joyous side. Far be it from me to promote a long-faced religion, with all the smiles and chuckles taken out. My one concern is that we do not confuse belief with make-believe. When Santa Claus appears under church sponsorship, we are promoting just that sort of confusion.

Santa Claus is a myth. Our modern moppets know it, even if adults sometimes get carried away. Today's youngsters are sophisticated far beyond their years. Who has not known their manner of looking at the uninitiated innocents with considerable scorn. "Shh," they say. "He still believes in Santa Claus!" In the horse-and-buggy or the reindeer-and-sleigh days there were gullible Virginias who could be awed by the apologetics of Francis P. Church of the New York Sun, but such Kris Kringle sentimentality goes begging in this atomic age.

This is not to say that the mystical traditions of Christmas which furnish us with such heartwarming experiences around our Christmas trees should be scrapped. Many of these traditions stir our imaginations to higher and fuller living and

distinguish the holiday season from the many gray, bleak days of winter. The glad greetings, the joyous surprises, the home gatherings, the office parties, the neighborhood festivities, the gifts to the poor, the chimes and the carols which make our Christmas merry are, I hope, a deeply ingrained and durable part of our national life. Here is where Santa Claus shines. Let him shine!

Santa Claus really doesn't need any help from the Church. Everybody likes him and talks about him. Everybody is his champion, especially the department stores and the community recreation centers. Thousands of eager candidates are willing to put on his false whiskers and wear his pillow-stuffed trousers. The Church has its own job to do and that job is not promoting Santa. There is no religious element in Santa Claus—that's partly why he is so universally acceptable—and we should not stretch the truth by trying to give him one.

That Santa Claus is adopted by everyone is part of the problem. He has been keeping questionable company. He's been seen drinking and carousing at wild parties. He has been lending his name to unethical business practices, blasphemous advertising, risque popular music and dubious ventures of too many kinds.

Another fear haunts me. Santa (Continued on page 69)

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factor to delinquency. Let us see whether Santa Claus deserves our praise or blame as we try desperately to give to our children the very best instruction in the Christian faith.

In the first place, this disputed character has a worthy origin, "Santa Claus" is the name which has come as a result of babyish tongues trying to repeat after their elders the true title, "Saint Nicholas." And this Saint Nicholas was an actual person, a young bishop in the church many centuries ago. His cheerful outlook on life, his generosity, and his helpfulness made him a prime favorite with the children and young people of his territory. When he died, men and women who knew him when they were children told their children about good Saint Nicholas, and when gifts were exchanged it became a custom to say that this was as he would have done.

Through the years, of course, the memory of a real man has taken on the fanciful additions of story-tellers and poets. From riding in the crude cart of his day, Saint Nicholas has been promoted to a sleigh with reindeer; from his native climate he has been pushed back to the North Pole; instead of appearing as any friend would appear, he must now come down the chimney. But this is a human, and perhaps a harmless, habit to embellish stories that are dear to us. What do we tell our children about George Washington? Do we not have him riding in an impossible position in the prow of a plunging boat? Do we not recount his conversation with his father at the time of chopping down a cherry tree? Do we not recount how he threw a dollar (!) across the river? Is it not our desire to think of the Wise Men coming to the manger and opening their gifts before the Christ Child? And yet Matthew recounts that at the time of this visitation our Lord was in a house, and He is described as a young child, and Herod had killed the male children under two years of age. So we see that we have not dealt with Santa Claus in a sinful fashion.

But the children will believe in this imaginary person, say some. But will they, and do they? Have you not attended a gathering in a church where the hapless Santa Claus lost his beard to the great merriment of the boys and girls? Suppose they saw him to be Jimmy Brown's father-they had just as much fun! Do we suppose that our children do not realize that the Joseph and Mary standing behind the manger in our Christmas pageant are young people from their own church school? I think we can depend upon our children to resolve for themselves as they grow older the difference between symbols and reality. In our home we did not have to tell our son and daughters that there is no Santa Claus-they came



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to that knowledge naturally without any shock to their faith in grownups. Our children have a way of pretending to accept things without being beguiled.

And do they not grow up all too soon? Why should we go by a set of rules (even if set down by psychologists or theologians) which would deprive them of any happy wonder which will make their early years delightful and gay? Did not the Apostle Paul command us all—young and old—to "rejoice"?

Naturally, there are times and places in the church out-of-bounds for Santa Claus and many other fancies of life. He does not find his way into sermons dealing with life's verities; he is not found in a pictorial window; he is not listed among the "witnesses" by whom we are surrounded.

Santa Claus finds a place in our teachings of unselfishness, for giving to others without a thought of return, and the essence of the joy which has entered into the world because God loved that world enough to give.

If we can accept all this and give Santa a welcome hand once a year as we plan the lighter side of our Christmas season, we shall join good company. In fact, the man who has had the most to do with our present picture of Santa Claus (Clement Moore) was a notable and godly man who served many years as the trustee of a standard seminary and as a professor of Biblical teachings. His work in Oriental studies was well-thought of. For his own children he wrote the verses, "The Night Before Christmas" which accounts for much of our image of Santa Claus.

Another man who would join us is a former editor of the New York Sun who made a famous reply to a little girl who wrote to ask him whether or not there is a Santa Claus. Do you remember in his oft-quoted editorial: "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist . . . Alas, how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus!"

Before we shut the church door in the face of Santa Claus, we need to remember that with him we must cast out the Christmas tree, the laurel wreaths, the mistletoe, the colored lights, and candle-lighting ceremonies, for all of these trappings have in their past some questionable or mythical association. Yes, the words of some of the carols might be thought a bit less than "strict Gospel."

Is it too much to think that the good God Who gave us His Son and Who with Him freely gave us all things, also gave us the warm-hearted joy at Christmas which expresses itself in the magnified image of the original Saint Nicholas who went about trying to make boys and girls happy?



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Santa Claus — No! (Continued from page 65)

Claus may well take over Christmas for his exclusive use. If in the minds of the masses his image is allowed to supplant the person of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose birthday Christmas is supposed to celebrate, paganism will have won a new victory. I am for the campaign to "put Christ back into Christmas." It should have the support of everybody who understands and appreciates the meaning of the Advent of Christ.

No other group than the Church can adequately protect, declare and promote the real meaning of Christmas. In this day when tidal waves of secularism and commercialism threaten to engulf us, this is a full-time job. It should not be confused and blunted by bringing Santa Claus into our fellowship halls and parish houses, or (as some small rural and suburban churches do) into our very sanctuaries.

The best way to put Christ back into Christmas is to do it in and through our churches. He cannot be put back into the paganized holiday we have created. Merely adding sacred music, nativity scenes and religious greeting cards to the shopping season madness of Main Street will not do it. What possible connection can there be between sacred music and the noise of the hawkers in the market place? The only way Christ can have a proper place in His birthday celebration is to change the popular concept of Christmas through the testimony of the Church as the Church.

What is the real meaning of Christmas? Christmas is not just a date on the calendar, not just another holiday vacation. It is rather a universal fact in history—a fact which meant as much to people who lived 4,000 years before the first Christmas as to those who will live 2,000 years afterward. Christ was actually born in Bethlehem to bring salvation to all men and that event became the central point of redemption in human history.

The early Church was under the impact of this sacredness of God reconciling the world unto himself. The first Christians were close to the mystery and the miracle and the solemn purpose of the Advent. They thought of the virgin mother, the stable, the shepherds, the stars, the wise men and the angels. There was nothing merely sentimental or superficial about it. They knew that God had humbled Himself to become man in order to atone for human sin; that the manger was related to the Cross and to the open tomb and that Christ was Messiah. So they reverently celebrated Christmas,

For several centuries Christmas was (Continued on page 80) What makes

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HOLIDAY COOKIES

Cookies seem as important to Christmas festivities as holly and mistletoe. Perhaps your group likes to collect the names of service personnel who are of your church fold and send them gifts of Christmas baking at this time of year. Men in the service like to be remembered.

And no doubt there will be plenty of teas and receptions for which you will need a variety of tempting cookies. A gathering after carol singing or the last group meeting of the year with guests calls for hot punch or coffee and

cookies to stimulate conversation and a friendly atmosphere.

Plain sugar cookies are ideal for Christmas baking because they can be cut and decorated to fit almost any theme. For instance, cut them out in the shape of Christmas trees, as in the illustration, decorate with silver dragees, and stand upright on a circular or scalloped cookie with a bit of frosting. The ice cream "gift package" shown is made with a half gallon carton of ice cream decorated with a ribbon of colored icing and a cookie tag.

PRALINE COOKIES (6 doz.)

| Sweet | r | 9 | d | | ii | 1 | S | ti | 1 | 1 | | 6 | 0 | - | fe | : 6 | | • | | | | | | | | | | | | | | • | | | ۰ | • | | 2 | tablespoon |
|---------|----|---|----|----|-----|---|----|----|---|---|----|---|----|----|----|-----|---|---|----|---|----|---|---|---|---|------|---|----|----|----|---|----|----|---|----|---|---|-----|------------|
| Dark I | 31 | 0 | W | /1 | 1 | 4 | SI | u | g | a | r. | | fi | F | m | 1 | y | 1 | pa | a | C | k | e | d | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 2/3 | cup |
| Water | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 1/3 | cup |
| Butter | | | | | | | ٠ | | | | | ٠ | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 1/4 | cup |
| Eggs . | | | | · | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | ٠ | į. | | į. | | | 2 | |
| Salt . | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 1/2 | teaspoon |
| Maple | 6 | X | t | ri | 9 (| C | t | | | | | | | | | | | | | | ٠. | | | | | | | | ď | | | | | · | | | | 1/2 | teaspoon |
| Vanilla | 1 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | Ī | | | | | | | | 1 | teaspoon |
| Flour, | S | i | it | e | d | | ĺ | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | Ī | Ì | Ì | Ī | Ì | | | | | | | 1/2 | cup |
| Pecans | 5. | 4 | fi | n | e | b | v | 1 | d | 1 | 0 | n | ni | 26 | ŧ. | ľ | | | | | | ď | | | ď | | | ٠. | Ĭ. | ٠. | | ٠. | | | | | ì | 1 | cup |

Combine sweetened condensed milk with powdered instant coffee and brown sugar and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir water and butter into mixture until melted. Combine eggs and flavoring separately and beat well. Add coffee mixture slowly, stirring rapidly. Add flour and nuts, mixing well. Drop by teaspoonfuls two inches apart on greased aluminum-foil-lined cookie sheet. Bake at 350° F. for 8 to 10 minutes. Let cool on foil. Then peel off.

BANANA DROP COOKIES

| | | 3 doz. | 10 doz. |
|----------------|------------------|------------------------|------------|
| Flour, sifted. | all-purpose 21/4 | cups 2 | Ibs. 2 oz. |
| Baking powde | er 21 | teaspoons 1 | OZ. |
| Soda | | teaspoon 1 | teaspoor |
| Salt | | teaspoon | OZ. |
| Shortening | | cup 1 | |
| Sugar | | cup | lb. 12 oz |
| Eggs | 2 | | |
| /anilla extrac | ct 1 1 | teaspoon | OZ. |
| | | cup (2 to 3 bananas) 2 | lbs. |
| Sugar and cir | nnamon | As desired | |

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and soda. Cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add bananas and beat until they are thoroughly mashed. Add eggs gradually, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla. Add flour mixture and mix just enough to blend. Drop on ungreased cooky sheets and sprinkle with sugar or a mixture of sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 12 minutes, or until cookies are done. Remove from pans at once.

KIT HUNTLEY'S FOOD PAGE

SUGAR COOKIES

| | | | 31/2 doz. | 14 doz. |
|-------------|--------|---------|--------------|---------------|
| Shortening | (part | butter) | 34 cup | . 1 lb. 5 oz. |
| Sugar, gran | ulated | 1 | 34 cup | . 1 lb. 4 oz. |
| | | | 1/2 teaspoon | |
| | | | 1/4 cup | |
| | | | 1/2 teaspoon | |
| | | | 1 teaspoon | |
| | | | 1/2 teaspoon | |
| Cake flour. | | | 2 cups | . 2 lbs. |

Cream butter, sugar and salt until light. Gradually add eggs and vanilla and mix well. Mix in water dissolved in soda and immediately add flour, mixing lightly. Roll out on dusted cookie canvas, sprinkle lightly with granulated sugar, and cut out with $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cookie cutter, or fancy shapes. Space on lightly greased pans and bake at 400 degrees F. for 12 to 14 minutes. To produce a cookie with a cracked top appearance, wash lightly with water before dusting rolled-out dough with sugar.

MOLASSES-ORANGE BARS

| | 3 doz. | 24 doz. |
|------------------------------|--------|-------------|
| Orange juice, | | |
| frozen concentrate 1 | can | 8 cans |
| Rolled oats½ | | 1 quart |
| Raisins | cup | 2 quarts |
| Shortening | cup | 1 quart |
| Sugar, granulated | | 1 quart |
| Molasses, unsulphured1/2 | | 1 quart |
| Eggs, whole 1 | | 4 |
| Flour, sifted, all-purpose 2 | | 4 quarts |
| Salt | | 2 teaspoons |
| Soda 2 | | |
| Ginger | | |
| Ginnamon 1 | | |

Combine undiluted orange juice concentrate, rolled oats, and raisins; reserve. Cream together sugar and shortening. Add molasses and eggs gradually; mix well. Sift together flour, salt, soda, and spices; add to molasses mixture. Add raisin mixture; blend well. Deposit into greased 9"x13" baking pans, 2½ pounds of batter per pan. Bake in 325° oven for 45 minutes. Cool and cut into 1"x3" bars.

ANGEL FOOD PUFFS

(made from prepared cake mix)

Use one package white, chocolate chip, cherry, or other angel food cake mix. Prepare batter as directed on package. Bake mounds of batter on ungreased baking sheet, two inches apart, at 375 degrees F. for 12 to 15 minutes until light golden brown. Use about ½ cup batter for puffs shown in illustration, or ¼ cup batter for smaller tea-party puffs. Remaining batter may stand while first cakes are baking. Remove from baking sheet at once. Makes 18 to 20 large puffs, or 3 dozen small puffs.

WHY WE BAKE AT CHRISTMAS

The earliest Christmas cards were hard gingerbread cookies. A text in icing, a scroll or a picture told the Christmas story or wished the recipient a happy Christmas. Star cookies were first made in the East where the star is a sign of a rising king. We make star cookies today from many different recipes, but they, too, point to the birth of Christ the King.

Lebkuchen, or life cakes, from Germany, tell of the new life which we receive from Christ. They remind us that He is the Bread of Life. Springerle, the hard white German cookies with pictures were once marked only with doves, lambs and angels, representing the peace of Bethlehem. These were broken and eaten with reverence as a symbol of unity in Christ.

From the French we get Christchild cookies, shaped like the sleeping Infant in swaddling bands. A number of breads also carry out this symbolism. Vanyoka, a sweet bread from Bohemia, is reminiscent of the intricate wrappings of the Christchild, as is stollen, or Christollen from Germany.

MOLASSES-CHOCOLATE DROP COOKIES

| | | | | | | 5 doz. | 20 doz. |
|----------------------------|-------|------|---|------|-----|-----------|-------------|
| Shortening | | | | | 1/2 | cup | 2 cups |
| Sugar (granulated) | | | | | 1/4 | cup | 1 cup |
| Molasses, unsulphured . | | | | | 94 | cup | 3 cups |
| Eggs, whole | | | | | - 1 | | 4 |
| Flour, all-purpose, sifted | | | | | . 2 | cups | 8 cups |
| Baking powder | | | | | 172 | teaspoons | 6 teaspoons |
| Baking soda | | | | | 74 | teaspoon | 3 teaspoons |
| Chocolate morsels (sem | 1-244 | e c | , | | . ! | cup | 4 cups |

Cream sugar and shortening. Add molasses and eggs gradually; mix until smooth and light. Sift together baking powder, flour, and soda; blend into molasses mixture. Add semi-sweet chocolate morsels and coconut flakes. Drop by level tablespoonsful two inches apart on ungreased baking sheet. Bake for 10 minutes in 375° F. oven.



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A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S DIARY

Faithfully Yours...

Tuesday evening-

So, coming back to my home town of Greenville after a gap of five years, I completed the circle. Once again I was ready to take my place in a Sunday school—to point the path to children who would reflect my thoughts—who, with God's help—would profit by my teaching.

The day after I'd realized that I could rise above my personal grief, I discussed the situation with David Randall the Sunday school superintendent. We ate luncheon together in a small tea shop and, before we settled down to talking. David reached across the table and laid his hand over mine.

"I don't have to tell you how glad I am to have you back, Evelyn," he said. "You know that, already! But there is a question I want to ask, . . . Did Rod leave you well fixed? Will it be necessary for you to have a weekday job?"

I said, slowly, "I will need a job, David—Rod left some insurance and some money in the bank, but not enough to live on. If I sell that piece of property—"

David interrupted. "Then you didn't sell it yesterday?" be queried.

"Oddly enough," I told him, "I came to town for the express purpose of selling it, but yesterday—when I met the prospective buyer—I told him that the situation had changed and that I hadn't quite made up my mind. If I sell it, David, I'll have a nice backlog of money, but Rod bought it hoping we'd build a home on it one day—our home. Do you think I should carry out his wishes?"

David surprised me by his answer. "I'd sell it as soon as possible, if I were you," he said. "Rod bought it hoping you'd build a home on it one day—but now if you build a home on it—well, you'll be living in that home with a ghost! And you're too young and vital to do such a thing. You loved Rod—"

"I still love him."

"You still love his memory." David said, "but you can't live with a memory, it's unhealthy! Sell the property and put the money in the bank as a backlog. And, if they can't fit you into the library, take your time in selecting the right job.... There'll be plenty of openings for a girl like you so you can afford to wait."

I didn't say anything, but smiled my thanks. After a moment David went on.

"And now we'll talk about the Sunday school," he said. "We're fully

staffed, but some teacher's always out of town, on business, or on vacation or ill—and so, until there's a definite class, without a teacher, I'm going to ask you to act as a substitute. It won't be easy, Evelyn—you'll have to jump from class to class as a Rocky Mountain goat leaps from crag to crag! One Sunday you'll be teaching small girls, maybe the next Sunday the class will be teen-aged boys."

"It's quite an assignment," I mur-

"Quite," David nodded. "But you can handle it if anybody can."

I told him, "For goodness sake, David, stop buttering me up," and David's eyes twinkled as he said—"But I'm using the best butter."

Sunday evening-

You'll think I'm moving backwards, for the last entry was on a Tuesday evening. Three months have passed since then, but I've been too busy to write!

In the first place, I'm working again, in the library—in October one of the librarians was married and I stepped into her shoes. When I sat at my desk, on that first working day, I felt as if the years had rolled back, as if my marriage to Rod were a dear dream.

As for Sunday school, since I became a—well, you might call it a permanent substitute—I've taught any number of classes, ranging from nursery school to almost grown-ups. And right at the moment I'm teaching a class of fifteen and sixteen year-old girls.

A strange thing happened this morning. One of the girls in my current class—her name is Alison Grey—was very much on edge during the lesson. When I came out she was waiting for me.

"Mrs. Bradley," she said, "may I go to church with you?"

"Why, of course.

"And after church," she asked, "may we go somewhere and talk"—her voice trembled—"privately? I must have the advice of some woman who—who'll understand."

"Your mother—?" I suggested, but the girl shook her head.

"No, no," she said, "I can't talk this over with my mother! It would be—impossible."

Well, I'll tell you about Alison's problem when I come back to you. Until then, I am—

Faithfully yours, Evelyn Bradley

CHRISTIAN HERALD

The Lights Went Out (Continued from page 55)

Quickly we turned them off, and pretended they were still not working. The children, still humming, went on to bed with their homemade lanterns.

The next morning, the girls surprised me with a request.

"Could we do it over again tonight, with our own friends?" they asked.

"Do what?"

"Have a Christmas party, with the lights all out. Except the Christmas tree lights. We want those.

"The house is all cleaned for Christmas, and you know what a mess your

teen-age friends make!"

The girls looked puzzled. "We don't want a regular party, Mother. We just want to ask over our best friends-the boys,too. And have you and Dad there and the Jacksons and Mrs. Lake and maybe Aunt Mary and Uncle Bob and Danny, Just talk about Christmas, like we did last night, and sing. Don't you think it would be fun?'

And it was. All ages mingled. We played old-fashioned games, like "Twenty Questions" and "Animal, Veg-etable and Mineral," that the Jacksons had mentioned in their stories the night before. At the close of the evening, one more light was permitted: a small reading lamp beside one chair. Dad read the story of Christmas from the Bible, and our youngest solemnly moved the figures in the Nativity scene as the story directed.

As our guests left, the girls presented each with a candle in a decorated jelly glass. It was a surprise even to me. They had bought the candles while I shopped for a replacement for

the big one on the mantle.

And so the "no-lights" party has become a part of our Christmas tradition during the waiting week before Christmas. We do not exchange gifts, but the guests usually bring cookies, homemade candy or fruit cake. And each always leaves with a candle lantern.

Two years ago, my oldest daughter invited a very special boy to the party and this year, a tiny grandson will join us. I hope that the circle will grow, or that someday each of the children will hold the same sort of celebration in his own home. For Christmas is a time for everyone to drop the barriers of age and join together to tell the ageless story of hope.

The cards that we send each year to many friends who have been with us at our parties, are always the same. On the front, there is a gay picture of a candle. On the inside, this verse:

> Christmas lights are myriad; but A single candle still Can tell the Christmas Story Of peace on earth, good will.



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Love Came Down at Christmas

The Sunday school

teacher must be as
well equipped as
possible to teach
the Word. But there
is also the essential
ingredient...

By CHARLES M. CROWE HAMLIN GARLAND told one time of his first Christmas tree. He was an Iowa boy in a modest farm home, where nothing much was made of Christmas. He had never even had a tree or stockings with goodies or gifts of toys. Then one Christmas he went with his older brother to the Christmas entertainment in the small frame country church. They walked four hours hand in hand over the moonlit snow.

Inside the church little Hamlin felt ill at ease because he had not gone to Sunday school often. He stood to one side fascinated by the tree. It was not large and was simply decorated with strips of colored paper and strings of red berries and popcorn. But to him it was straight from fairyland. It was his first Christmas tree.

After the little program, gifts were given out to the children of the Sunday school. The boy did not expect one as he had not been there often and no one knew he was coming. Then the teacher who was giving out the presents unexpectedly smiled at him and said: "Here's something for you." And she handed him a little brightly colored cardboard box of candy.

Years later Hamlin Garland wrote: "I had not words to thank her. This happened nearly 40 years ago, but her smile, her outstretched hand, her sympathetic eyes, are vividly before me as I write. She was sorry for the shockhaired boy who stood against the wall and her pity made the little box of candy a casket of pearls."

Of such is the plus element of being a Sunday school teacher! That young lady probably never realized the deep impression of her simple gesture. Yet it was one of a chain of influences that went into the making of a notable American.

It is important, to be sure, that the teacher be as well equipped as possible for the serious challenge of communicating the Word. But it is often true that the unconscious, unsuspected radiation of the spirit of Christ is most important of all. For the Word is communicated by personality and character and attitudes as well as by messages and lessons. These often mean more than we know in contributing a plus element to teaching in the church school. When teachers get discouraged they should not discount the value of this over-and-above result of their work. And Christmas puts this in focus for us because it reminds us that Christianity is more than a matter of codes and doctrine. The spirit of Christmas is itself a plus element of beauty and meaning.

Consider the incident that took place at a Christmas party sponsored by the British Red Cross in an Hungarian refugee camp. The atmosphere was solemn. A well-dressed woman handed out gaily wrapped gifts to a line of children. The last little chap ignored the gift but threw his arms

(Continued on next page)

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about the surprised woman and gave her a big kiss. This at once gave the party a warm and friendly air. And in a moment the child first in line ran to the woman and said-in Hungarian: "My lady, you forgot to kiss the rest of us.

Yes, presents are important at Christmas. But far more important is an overflowing, outreaching expression of love. For it was Love that "came down at Christmas!" And when love shines through all the labored efforts of the Sunday school teacher you may be sure that this vital plus element is at work. Mechanics and materials and training have a necessary place. They should be as effective as possible. But they are instruments only. The love of God in Christ gives them wings in and through the love of the humblest teacher to the humblest pupil. This has results we often never know

Alice Freeman Palmer called on one of her Sunday school class members who lived in a dingy tenement. In the course of the conversation Mrs. Palmer mentioned that the sunshine made the girl's hair pretty. This chance remark had a strange effect. For the first time this girl saw beauty in her drab home. This led her to begin to look for beauty everywhere. It became a beacon for her spirit. Later she worked her way through college and was happily mar-



ried. She always said that she owed everything to the lady who taught her to look for beauty everywhere.

So it is that our influence travels far, even though we may not be aware of it at the time. The simplest things have a way of being multiplied beyond all imagination. This is the plus element at work to take our small efforts and use them for God. It can make the spirit of Christmas love become real and lovely throughout the year. This is vital for every Christian, and-because of his special influence-a necessity for the effective Sunday school teacher.

S. Parkes Cadman told one time of two cottages which he observed as a young preacher in his first parish. They stood side by side but were a shocking contrast in appearance. One was bright and cheerful, with clean floors and polished furniture and a few flowers in the window ledge. The other was dirty and unkempt with soiled window panes, broken railings and weeds in the yard. Dr. Cadman went on to say that a child

• (Continued on page 79)

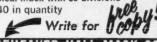


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THE LESSON BACKGROUND

By Amos John Traver

• December 4

The New Covenant

JEREMIAH 31:3-7, 31-34; ROMANS 8:1, 2, 38, 39

Jeremiah has been called the "Gloomy Gus" among the prophets. He was a realist. He gave his life in a vain attempt to save his people from destruction. He could not have been more unpopular, for rarely does any nation welcome warnings of catastrophe. But Jeremiah knew God. He trusted God's ultimate revelation of His steadfast, forgiving love. In our Scripture lesson he lets his heart speak. With inspired vision he sees a new covenant, a New Testament, to be revealed in God's good time. Jeremiah speaks of the future. Centuries later Paul speaks of the past and present fulfillment in Jesus Christ.

New Testament writers made good use of Jeremiah's prophecy. This passage is quoted in full in Hebrews 8:8-12 and in part in Hebrews 10:16, 17, It offers background for the institution of the Lord's Supper: "This cup is the new covenant in my blood." (I Corinthians 11:25; Luke 22:20.) The division of the Bible into Old and New Testaments is a reflection of Jeremiah's thought. Old Testament law is not annulled but God's grace in Christ gives a new, complete concept of God as Father of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. It gives a new insight into the nature of the law offering the motive of love as its fulfillment. It gives the source for understanding and the strength for keeping the law. Most of all it offers forgiveness in Christ and reconciliation with God for every believing confessing, sinner. Pascal

wrote: "The law demands what it cannot give. Grace gives what it demands."

• December 11

The Greatest Promise

ISAIAH 9:2-7; GALATIANS 4:4-7

Isaiah is sung and read year after year as we celebrate the birth of Christ. Consciously or unconsciously the prophet declared a promise of God that could be fulfilled only in the Child of Bethlehem. Isaiah's faith did not come in any easy way. He had sought with some success to save the Southern Kingdom from the fate of the Northern Kingdom. But the times were tense and Isaiah knew that the only hope of Judah was God's intervention through a king worthy of God's people. That King would come, but not as He was expected. He would conquer the world of men's hearts with His forgiving love.

Messiah means anointed. The hope that sustained the Jewish people during their tragic history is bound up in the expectation of a child to be born in the lineage of David. In spite of persecution, hatred, injustice and untold tribulations, the children of Abraham cherished hope in their hearts. We are told that many Jewish mothers looked down into the face of their newborn baby boys and asked whether now the hope of Israel was to be fulfilled. When the Messiah came only a small band of simple, honest believers accepted Him.

How wonderful is the wisdom of God. He revealed Himself in a person Who could love and be loved. In the perfect life of Jesus we can read the



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character of Almighty God. Greatness takes on new meaning in Him. The world is still defining greatness in armed might, mastery over men and nations, material wealth and worldly display. We will not have peace until we bow humbly before the King of Meekness, the Great Lover of Our Souls.

• December 18

The Greatest Servant

ISAIAH 61:1-3, 10, 11; MATTHEW 11:27-30

'Yokefellows" is the significant title given a movement rising from Quaker sources but bringing small groups of Christians together from all denominations. They meet to pray, study and work together as they believe Jesus Christ would approve. People of Bible times well understood the meaning of yoke. Indeed the figure of speech could well be understood down to very recent times. In my boyhood I have seen oxen ploughing or drawing heavy loads. Oxen are still employed for heavy work in parts of America as well as in many areas of our world. Yokes must be perfectly fitted to the shoulders of the oxen. They must be smooth and strong. They must make the labor as easy and efficient as possible. Carpenters in Jesus' day made yokes and Jesus was a carpenter. We may be sure that the vokes He made were perfectly fitted and strong enough for any load.

When Jesus preached in the synagogue of His home town, He read the Old Testament Scripture we are studying. He had already accepted His commission at His baptism. He spoke as the Messiah, He was setting out to conquer the world. He was calling men to His great crusade. What was the inducement He offered? A yoke, His yoke! His empire would not be won by brutal Roman methods. It would be won only by compassion. That is a great word, literally to suffer with. Not by exploiting men but by suffering with them, not by subduing them by armed might or by buying their allegiance with bribes of goods, gadgets and the luxuries wealth can produce, but by loving service. His yoke is easy but the load is heavy, too heavy unless we find ourselves yoked with Him. Then "All things are possible.

• December 25

The Greatest Gift

LUKE 2:8-20; II CORINTHIANS 9:15

Greatest is a superlative. Couple it to the word gift and we are affirming that Jesus is the supreme gift of all the gifts we receive from God. Gift means grace. The definition is clear in Ephesians 2:8: "For by grace you have been saved through faith; and this is not your own doing, it is the gift of



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God." There is no suggestion of exchange or trade in this greatest gift. All the divine Giver asks is our love and gratitude. To give a gift and expect a gift of like value in return takes the grace out of Christmas giving. God became man and dwelt among us, not because we deserved it, but because He so loved the world. Our celebration of Jesus' birth should lead to gifts of grace to those who can never make any other return but gratitude. Jesus said one time that when we invite our neighbors to dinner we should include those who could not return the favor. Our family dinners on Christmas will be far more enjoyable if we have made sure that none of our neighbors go hungry.

If Jesus had been born in a palace, a prince of the king's household, or if He had been born in the mansion of some rich noble or renowned Pharisee, there would have been worldly inducements to accept Him. How wonderful that He came to a carpenter's family, to be born in a stable, and to receive His first adoration from humble shepherds coming straight from watching their flocks. Love is the only motive for Christian faith and life pleasing to God. Shall we take time during our Christmas festivities to meditate upon the grace of God revealed in "The Greatest Gift"?

If so, our Christmas will be more than a joyous experience with our family and friends. It will lead to loving Christ more and serving Him better.

Love Came Down . . . (Continued from page 75)

from this unsightly home started going to Sunday school. On Christmas Sunday she brought home a picture that the teacher had given each of the children in the class. She hung it on the wall of the little living room. It was a small print of the head of Christ. The mother looked at it without saying anything. But before long the dirt began to disappear. Repairs were made and the appearance of the whole house was changed for the better. The Master had come into that place of ugliness and he had made a difference.

This is the way it happens, sometimes without our realizing what is going on. We teach our lessons. We sing our songs. We play our games. We direct our craft work. We have our parties. We visit in the homes of our pupils. We give out little pictures of Jesus. And sometimes nothing seems to happen. But something is happening all the while. It is the leaven of the Gospel working its way into the nooks and crannies of human personality and character some day to bring forth strength and faith beyond our knowing.



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solely a church anniversary observed by religious services. But as Christianity spread into pagan lands, many of the practices of the winter solstice were blended with those of Christianity because of liberal rulings of Pope Gregory I and the questionable actions of Roman Catholic missionaries. Once the bars were let down, Christmas became both a time of praise and worship and a day of fiesta and license. In Rome itself where the Feast of Saturn was observed, there grew up a strange mixture of Christmas and Saturnalia which was an everlasting disgrace to Christianity.

What has all this to do with Santa Claus in Church? Very much. When it comes to the great issues of our faith, any compromise with the world is suicidal. If in the Church there cannot be a clear, powerful testimony to the real meaning of Christmas, unmixed with Santa Claus, where on earth are we

going to get it?

Christians believe that if Christ had not been born, the world hope for the Messiah would never have been realized, men would not have known the real nature and character of God, there would have been no Redeemer and Saviour from sin, there would be no certainty of life after death. How poor the world would be without Christ's wonderful life full of compassion, tenderness and forbearance. He is the epitome of the great truth that "God is love." His life is the greatest demonstration of love, peace and good will the world has ever known. This is what men, whether they realize it or not, are hungry for at Christmas time. Shall we give them a diluted diet of Christ-and-Santa-Claus or lift up Immanuel and Immanuel alone? Shall we provide raucous entertainment or shall we seriously and soberly emphasize the growingly significant contribution of Christ's Advent to the life of all mankind?

But, some will say, the children may resent the fact that Santa Claus is ignored by the Church and the Church School. Not if they learn what Christmas is all about! That sort of instruction can be a thrilling experience through dramatics, audio-visual aids and other modern communications media. Then there will be no mixed-up little boys like Jimmie, who, when he learned there was no Santa Claus, said, "Next, they'll be telling me there is no God!"

We have enough trouble keeping myth separate from faith and fact in the religious life of our nation without further confusing the minds of our children. Faith will be strengthened and lives will be made richer in that church where Christ alone is exalted at Christmas time.

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